

JUNE 3, 1944

AMERICA

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W. J. HINTON

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COURTENAY SAVAGE

MAINE COOPERATES FOR POTATO PROSPERITY

PAT McGRADY

PLANNING CAN AVOID VACATION MISCHIEF

AULEEN B. EBERHARDT



EDITORIALS

COMMENT

NATION
AT WAR

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THE
WORD



A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

VOLUME LXXI

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A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

JUNE 3, 1944

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PARADE...CORRESPONDENCE...THE WORD

WHO'S WHO

W. J. HINTON, who tells what goes on when the British Commonwealth of Nations has a family council, has served the Empire in many capacities and corners of the earth. He was for seventeen years Professor of Political Economy at the University of Hong Kong, became Director of Studies for the Institute of Bankers on his return from the Far East, and is the author of *Notes for Your Guidance*, used by R.A.F. flyers in the U. S. . . . AULEEN B. EBERHARDT has some concrete suggestions for keeping your children out of mischief during vacation and making them like it. Mrs. Eberhardt, housewife and mother, lives in Dubuque, Iowa, and has contributed articles to the *Catholic World*, *Ave Maria* and other periodicals. . . . PAT MCGRADY, whose work with the Farm Security Administration gave him firsthand knowledge of the potato wonders of Aroostook, is eating potatoes now instead of growing them—he has joined the Marines. Readers may be interested to know that the St. John River Valley, site of the record crop, is ninety-five per cent Catholic. . . . COURTENEY SAVAGE, dramatist and critic, and director (on leave) of public relations for the NCCS, is now engaged in public relations work for the military intelligence. Because of his long experience in this line and years of association with actors, writers, etc.—never famous for placidity—Mr. Savage's advice on the need for organization and understanding of returned service men may be taken as counsel from an expert. . . . SISTER MARGARET TERESA, Professor of English at Nazareth College, Rochester, N. Y., reports on the first New York State meeting of the National Catholic Music Educators Association. Two years old, the society is represented in twenty States, and has held one national convention.

COMMENT ON THE WEEK

Italian Victory. Inspiring news from Italy told of the union of the Anzio beachhead army with the forces driving up the coast from Terracina. A long and painful vigil at Anzio broke finally in the triumphal cutting of the Appian Way below Cisterna and the subsequent push at the rear of the German right wing defending the Hitler Line. This victorious juncture may well herald the opening of the general attack on Germany. Locally it offers an excellent chance to box the Germans across the Apennines, perhaps to capture them in numbers, possibly to render the taking of Rome swift and without destruction. The boldness of General Mark Clark, coupled with the soldierly courage of his men, seems to have ushered in a new phase of the war. Is it not time for some extra prayers to anticipate the ringing of the church-bells?

Empire Leaders at London. While a great deal that went on at the recent meeting of British Empire leaders in London has not yet been revealed to the public, it is obvious that advocates of a policy of Empire self-sufficiency have been sharply rebuffed. The plain fact is that the British Empire, despite its far-flung Dominions, enormous population, abundant raw materials and industrial development, is not a self-contained unit either economically or militarily. The Japanese advance in the Southwest Pacific, which at one time seemed destined to overrun Australia, revealed in dramatic form the inability of the British Navy to defend Empire interests in the Orient against a strong and determined foe. The people of Australia and New Zealand, well aware now that only the power of the United States saved them from disaster, naturally are not receptive to any plan which might alienate that power. Similarly Canada, whose Prime Minister, W. L. MacKenzie King, led the fight in London against Empire isolation, is wide awake to post-war realities. Loyal to the Empire, Canada recognizes nevertheless that her future economic well-being is largely dependent on continued good relations with Soviet Russia and the United States. The failure of a powerful group at the London meeting to isolate the Empire and build it up vis-à-vis Soviet Russia and the United States ought to strengthen the hands of those who see the salvation of the postwar world in an international order rather than in a system of competing imperialisms.

Tribute to Spain. At any rate, the "backing of hearty good will" which the Empire meeting left behind it, enabled Prime Minister Churchill more conveniently to explode a minor bombshell in his speech to the House of Commons on May 24. When a British Prime Minister speaks all those "kindly words" about Spain, to the length of two columns

of news-print in the reporting, it comes as a disturbing shock to hard-driven editors, who may not have shared Mr. Churchill's lack of "sympathy with those who think it clever and even funny to insult and abuse the Government of Spain whenever the occasion offers." Mr. Churchill's words have irreparably set back the movement to push the Allies at all costs into war with Spain. They have started the Allies on a movement of friendship with Spain. Mr. Churchill simply recalled a terrible fix the Allies would now be in if the Spaniards at various stages of the war had used the undoubted advantages which they then possessed, if they had elected to "follow the example of Italy and join the victorious Germans in a war against Britain." The Straits of Gibraltar, Mr. Churchill remarked, would have been closed, Allied planes destroyed and German U-boats given full leeway. Mr. Churchill expressly made no commitments favoring any internal regime in Spain. He merely recited the facts. But it is owing to these facts that our American armies today are free to advance victoriously to the liberation of Rome.

WLB before Congress. First witness before the House Committee investigating the Government seizure of Montgomery Ward's Chicago headquarters was William H. Davis, Chairman of the War Labor Board. Defending the Board's action in assuming jurisdiction in twenty-two cases involving Ward's, he pointed out that the Chicago mail-order house had 600 establishments up and down the land, employed 78,000 people and was "engaged in activities directly related to the successful prosecution of the war." If the Board lacked jurisdiction in this case, he argued, then it lacked jurisdiction also over some 15,000,000 workers engaged in distribution, transportation, service trades, wholesale and retail establishments. But if these employees were free to strike as usual, it would be impossible to prevent widespread stoppages in strictly war industries. Replying to Representative Dewey, of Illinois, who asked: "Why does industry object to maintenance of membership?" Mr. Davis replied:

I wish the Lord would tell me the answer. These are questions filled with emotion. Montgomery Ward said that maintenance of membership may lead to the closed shop, yet at the end of a year's contract the company said that union membership had been reduced to twenty per cent. The minds of men do not work straight on this subject.

Finally, WLB's embattled Chairman explained what ought to have been obvious to the Congressmen, that if the Board's orders were subject to Court review, many of the cases would still be in the Courts when the war was over. But the demands of our war machine are imperious and cannot wait on the leisurely process of peacetime

legalities. Mr. Davis was followed on the stand by Gerard D. Reilly, a member of the National Labor Relations Board and by Attorney General Biddle. Mr. Reilly presented the Company's anti-labor record as a notable factor in the dispute, and Mr. Biddle reiterated his opinion that the President had ample authority to seize the Ward properties. So far the hearings have been ably conducted and promise to clarify issues widely misunderstood by the public. The trouble is that the public, which scanned the hysterical headlines about the Ward case in the press, will never read the Committee hearings or even see a copy of them.

Burma As Dominion. Will Burma claim a Dominion status after the war? If it does, it will be the first of the British Dominions to be governed, locally, by a people of non-European descent and non-Christian (largely Buddhist) in religion. A Dominion status would correspond politically to the country's geographical position midway between colonial India and sovereignly, even if shakily, independent China. As it is, of Burma's famous "Ninety-six Subject Constitution," ninety-one articles are of native origin, only five are "reservations" made by the British Government. As a Dominion, too, the Burmese interpretation of a parliamentary system differs considerably from that obtaining in the various Anglo-Saxon countries, for it is a regime not so much of parties as of groups, each following a leader who has been fortunate enough to obtain a fair share of popular support. Yet the difference may be more in appearance than in theory. Burma's experience during the last days of British rule before the present war left the Burmese people, for the most part, with a strong conviction that they could manage their own affairs in their own house; as a wholly independent nation, or by achieving this self-management within the useful framework of the British Commonwealth. When the Japanese puppet government is finally cleared out of that war-torn land, contemporary historians will have plenty to study in Burma.

Windfall for Rails. When private enterprise set out to span the continent with rails of shining steel, it called upon Uncle Sam for financial assistance. That assistance was given in generous, or rather in princely, measure, the Federal Government deeding to the railroads title to about 130,000,000 acres of the public domain. To this patrimony various State governments contributed an additional 48,000,000 acres. There were no strings attached to the largess of the States, but Uncle Sam, in return for giving away the wealth of the people, exacted a concession whereby all Government shipments would forevermore be handled free of charge. In 1879, this concession was whittled down and the Government agreed to pay henceforth fifty per cent of the regular commercial rates. Four years ago, Congress passed a law which eliminated all reductions to the Government except those on the transport of soldiers and military supplies. Now even this concession, which today means a saving

to taxpayers of somewhere between \$250 and \$500 million a year, is about to be revoked. On May 23, the House passed a bill repealing all "land grant" rail-rate schedules still in force. Unimpressed by the chief argument for the bill, namely, that private shippers are making up the losses on Army-Navy business by paying high freight rates, Congressman Cochran, of Missouri, fought a losing battle to delay action until after the war. "The lobbyists have been busy," he said as he was beaten by a 115 to 45 vote, there being a great deal of absenteeism that day in the House. The measure now goes to the Senate where its prospects are not unfavorable. Some opposition, however, may develop from Southern Senators who want present discriminatory freight rates revised, and from others who, in view of the enormous earnings of the railroads during the war, agree with Congressman Cochran that this windfall might well await the coming of peace.

Clouds Over Chicago. A special dispatch from Chicago, written by Benjamin Fine to his newspaper, the *New York Times*, describes a serious climatic disturbance between President and Faculty in the university which bears the name of the Midwestern metropolis. Mr. Hutchins had, on January 12 of this year, called upon his university to dedicate itself to furthering a "moral, intellectual and spiritual revolution throughout the world." His university Senate, on March 18, replied that they were highly disturbed by his announcement of a "unifying mission for the university." This, they said, could "so easily be incompatible with our essential function of advancing knowledge by responsible research and teaching unhampered by any official ideology or philosophical dogma." The issue has its pertinent lessons. How can "responsible research and teaching" be unhampered by some fundamental principles? In other words, how can liberty of any sort, academic or political or moral or economic, be enjoyed without a Bill of Rights to guide the free and protect their basic interests? Blackstone once wrote that liberty is the right to do what one wills, within the limits of the natural law. And Lord Acton's famous test of a democracy is its respect for the rights of minorities. The cleavage shown in this current debate lies close to the timeless struggle between irresponsible individualism and unchanging natural rights. Americans who believe in their God-given rights, and their priceless constitutional guarantee, cannot but hope that the principle of Mr. Hutchins will be upheld.

Swiss Inter-Faith Action. Concerted action by Catholic and Protestant religious leaders has been the outstanding characteristic of the spiritual war now being waged in Europe. It was inevitable that the grim necessity of survival should narrow the chasm that has existed between the two groups. Even in the United States, where the element of common suffering has not been present, this rising recognition of the necessity of cooperation in the social sphere developed in sufficient measure to make possible the issuance of a common program for

world peace, in parallel statements, made public last October by Catholic, Protestant and Jewish leaders. The same phenomenon of cooperation has recently been recognized and sanctioned in Switzerland by Bishop Francis von Streng of Basle and Lugano. In a pastoral his diocesans are told that Catholics must cooperate with those of other faiths in works of reconstruction, particularly where the economic and social protection of the family, social progress, public welfare and charitable activities are concerned. In spite of essential differences in matters of faith, Catholics are united with other Christians by Baptism, grace and the sharing of religious truths and Christian ideals of life, continued Bishop Streng's pastoral. Religious instruction, when explaining differences of faith, should remain calm and objective. It should also point out what Catholics have in common with others and should emphasize the Christian commandment of love of all men, continued the pastoral.

Child and Mother. Worthy of wide attention is an article on the false "science" of birth control that appeared in the April issue of the *American Journal of Obstetrics and Gynecology*. It is called "The Effect of the Interval Between Birth on Maternal and Fetal Outlook." Nicholas J. Eastman, the author, a member of the Department of Obstetrics in Johns Hopkins University and Hospital, has persistently headed the ranks of those advocating "planned parenthood." He now submits the results of long and serious examination of the subject, and in so doing he reverses both his own position and the "scientific medical" myth of his followers. In regard to child spacing, he proves conclusively that the optimum time, for infant or mother, between births is "twelve to twenty-four months after a previous viable delivery," that is, during the second year. The myth here mentioned received broad circulation in the *Reader's Digest* of last September. In a series of medical questions there propounded, the twenty-third asked if it were true or false that "babies born at yearly intervals to a mother are as likely to live as if there were periods of several years between them." The reply given by the *Digest* was: "false." The correct answer, now demonstrated, is: "true." Anyone at all acquainted with clinical advice now given to mothers will at once see the force of this new statement by Doctor Eastman. The circulation of the "myth" did untold harm to domestic felicity, understanding and loyalty. The profession, and the laity, will be grateful for its complete rejection.

Catholic School Lists. From time to time letters are received in the AMERICA office inquiring about boarding schools for very young children—both boys and girls—conducted by Religious. Now, during wartime, when so many homes are broken up by the absence of one or both of the parents, the inquiries are even more frequent. Would the readers of AMERICA who have knowledge of such schools be kind enough to send in information, so that a list can be compiled for the benefit of such parents?

UNDERSCORINGS

FROM ROME, *Religious News Service* reports the opening of the new German-Hungarian Pontifical College to train priests for those countries. No German students are there today. Twenty-six Hungarians, Croats and Tyroleans make up the wartime classes.

► *A World to Reconstruct*, the work of Professor Gonella, Vatican expert on international law, has been translated and will shortly be released, according to the N. C. W. C. *News Service*. Preparation of the volume is under the guidance of the American Bishops' Committee on the Pope's Peace Points.

► "What is needed today by Catholics is an answer to the question: 'How is it that God allows all this; is He silent in the face of all this horror?'" Thus wrote the Bishop of Münster in the much-bombed Rhineland, Most Rev. Conrad Count von Galen, in his latest pastoral letter. And he continued: "God is not silent. He speaks through the testimony of nature, through the voice of conscience and Revelation. . . . German people, listen and hear the voice of God."

► Venezuela is experiencing an accelerated interest in the social teaching of the Church. *La Religión*, daily Catholic paper of Caracas, proposes the organization of a syndicate of employers for the purpose of studying the best manner to safeguard rights of workers, and insists that mere outbursts against "Communism" will have no effect unless followed up with real action.

► In Mexico City the daily *Ultimas Noticias* made, without subsequent challenge, the statement that the Mexican capital is being converted into the most important center in all America for the distribution of Communist propaganda, under the auspices of the Soviet embassy.

► Captain Robert D. Workman, U.S.N., Chief of Navy Chaplains, on concluding a tour of half of our war theatres, said that the Chaplains without exception are doing "a magnificent job," and that the only trouble was: "we need more Chaplains."

► Priests serving as Chaplains and Auxiliary Chaplains in our armed forces have increased from sixty before Pearl Harbor to 4,200 today. At Camp McCall, North Carolina, three Catholic Chaplains have just qualified as full-fledged parachutists with the regiments there.

► Selective Service Headquarters announced three conditions for exemption of pre-theological students:

1. The student must submit a statement declaring that he is "preparing for and intends to enter into the ministry of a recognized church, religious sect or religious organization."
2. The "highest authority governing ordination of a recognized church, religious sect, or religious organization," must state that there is need of ministers and that the registrant has been formally accepted as a candidate.
3. A recognized theological or divinity school must state that the registrant has been accepted for admittance, and that he is pursuing, under its general direction and on a full-time and accelerated basis, a specific course of study required by the school in question.

THE NATION AT WAR

THE GERMANS have revised their estimate of the importance of the Allied attack in Italy. At first they considered it as a diversion, but they now realize it is a major offensive.

Up to May 22, ten days had passed since this battle started. During this period, American troops advanced about eighteen miles along the west Italian coast. This was largely possible through valiant fighting by French troops in the mountains on the right. Beyond the French were first British troops, then Poles.

The advance of the French enabled the British to encircle Cassino from the south. The Germans then evacuated that famous place, which had previously repulsed three separate assaults.

The battle is still continuing. The Allies are in front of what they call the Adolf Hitler Line. The Germans designate it as their D (D-for-Dora) line. Hitler never had anything to do with it. Reports are that it is strong, and well defended.

Italian railroads in rear of the German line have been bombed continuously for several weeks. The idea is to prevent German reinforcements from arriving at the front. The same plan was tried in January. That time it was a failure. On this occasion the bombing has been more intense.

There is now better information concerning the losses of the Axis in the Crimea. From statements of prisoners captured by the Russians, the original Axis force in that peninsula was about 210,000 men. The Russians claim capture of 61,000 men, and estimate the Axis dead at around 50,000. This leaves a balance of some 100,000 men, who may have been evacuated by sea and by air. Of these, a part were lost through Russian bombing of transports. In all, the Axis lost around 125,000 men.

This Russian victory will release over thirty divisions to reinforce their main front against Germany. As against this increase the Axis, from men withdrawn from Sevastopol, may have the equivalent of some seven divisions at most.

In Burma, three campaigns are going on. In the south, on the Arakan coast, fighting is continuous without either side having been able to defeat the other. In Manipur, the British are making progress, but very slowly. The Japanese hold a large part of Manipur, and some of the Naga country.

In north Burma, a joint American and Chinese force have reached the valley of the Irrawaddy River. A separate all-China army is advancing into Burma from Yunnan Province. This campaign looks very promising. It is yet in its early stages.

In China, the Japanese have been invading Honan province. It was believed that the objective was seizure of the Hankow and Peiping Railroad. The Japs did seize the railroad, but they passed right over it, and continued westward, abandoning it to Chinese who closed in, behind the Japs.

It now seems that the Japanese are engaging in one of their regular raids to lay waste the country and crops. Such actions are cruel. They cause chronic starvation conditions.

COL. CONRAD H. LANZA

WASHINGTON FRONT

TO ONE who has been in Washington the past year it was a startling surprise to arrive in Los Angeles and hear that Congressman John M. Costello had been defeated in the primaries for re-nomination. Mr. Costello, through his work on the manpower investigating committee, had emerged from comparative obscurity in the past few months to become one of the outstanding figures in the House of Representatives and a real influence.

So it was a shock to hear that the Democratic voters in the 15th District of Hollywood had rejected him. But the figures themselves provided a still greater shock. He actually got more votes than all the other candidates, Republican and Democratic, put together. California has a charming custom of allowing a Democrat to run in the Republican primaries, and vice versa. Mr. Costello got about 30,000 Republican votes and his nearest competitor 7,500; but he got only 17,000 votes from the Democrats and his opponent, Hal Stiles, a radio announcer, got 25,000. But here was the catch. He could not receive the Republican nomination because he was registered as a Democrat. Mr. Stiles won the Democratic nomination.

Perhaps more interesting to the country at large was the way Mr. Costello was beaten. He made no personal campaign, perhaps feeling that his best argument was to stay on the job in Washington at a very important post; and besides, he had won previous elections by overwhelming majorities. But his opponents were very busy.

Who were they? On the face of it, they were the members of the Political Action Committee of the CIO. Just why Labor should have been against him is not clear, for he has worked in Labor's interests in the Selective Service muddle. But he was a member, though a silent one, of the Dies Committee.

I am assured on good authority that the real workers against him were the compact body of Communists, and that they spent \$165,000 in the effort. For a week before the primaries, they were indefatigable, ringing doorbells and on the telephone, and the day before the primaries full-page advertisements appeared in all the papers with a defamatory cartoon.

The arguments used were that he was anti-Roosevelt, anti-Semitic and pro-Japanese. There was truth in none of them, but enough Democrats believed them to defeat him (and perhaps enough Republicans believed the anti-Roosevelt arguments to give him a majority).

The lesson of it is fairly clear. The Communists have shown that they can concentrate enough effort in selected spots in industrial districts to beat anybody they choose (witness Dies and Starnes). But they have not shown they can elect their own men, for Mr. Stiles, who is also a Catholic, is, I am informed, not a Communist or a fellow-traveler. Hollywood got a radio announcer for Representative, and the country lost an experienced legislator. Lincoln's dictum still holds true: "You can fool all the people part of the time. . . ."

WILFRID PARSONS

COMMONWEALTH COUNCIL LOOKS TO REGIONAL SECURITY

W. J. HINTON

[Note. Varying opinions as to the merits of the British Empire's policies—as a whole or in the single Empire members—need not obscure its practical significance as showing how nations can co-operate and build a regional security. It was in view of this significance that the following article was requested by AMERICA.—Editor.]

THE BRITISH have just held a family council. Like all family councils, it is a private affair, and at the same time intensely interesting to the neighbors. Family councils lead to family action, and the British family of nations has neighbors everywhere. Besides this, what the British do has always special significance for the United States.

The American lands from which the present United States has grown, the original thirteen Colonies, were part of a British Empire, and this nation was founded on criticism, protest and revolt from that Empire. The most unfavorable aspects of the British Empire at the end of the eighteenth century are therefore well known to American school children. They are recounted as part of the necessary explanation of the painful but glorious origins of this, their own nation. Unfortunately, that archaic picture tends to be fixed as it was one hundred and fifty years ago—though all states and political institutions have changed greatly in that time.

States, nations, churches and all other social institutions, like the human personalities of which they are composed, are extended and live in time as well as space. The Roman Empire is not merely what a cross-section in time would have shown at one period—say at the beginning of the Christian Era. The Roman Empire is all that it ever was and all that it became from its foundation to its final disappearance. A man whose life in time has now come to an end can only be fully described by the whole history of that life, but for his contemporaries the man as he is and acts today is more important than the same man as he was and acted fifteen years ago. And for the contemporaries of the British Commonwealth and Empire the way that political organization acts today as the result of its long evolution and growth, is far more important than its characteristics in an earlier stage of development.

What are the salient characteristics of the British Commonwealth and Empire today? It has become a composite and rather elaborate organiza-

tion comprising five sovereign nations—six if we consider Eire as still within the system. The organization comprises an Empire of India practically co-extensive with a whole civilization, and a scattered Dependent Empire of many different societies, civilized and savage, of many different racial stocks, all the way through Africa from the West Indies to the East Indies.

Every part of this group which constitutes Commonwealth and Empire is in political evolution, some parts like India in rapid evolution, and some backwaters changing very slowly. The five or six sovereign nations are the United Kingdom, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and—if she will—Eire. These are the British Commonwealth in the narrow sense—though the word is generally used to include India and sometimes extended to be synonymous with the whole. The Indian Empire is on the verge of equal political status with the six nations. The Dependent Empire includes some units with political status similar to that of an American State, others resemble a Territory more closely, yet others have constitutional forms unknown in the United States and its dependencies.

The recent Conference of Prime Ministers included the Premiers of the five sovereign states—Eire, being neutral, was not invited to a council of war. India and Southern Rhodesia also had spokesmen—being almost Dominions. The Dependent Empire was spoken for mainly by the Prime Minister of the United Kingdom. It was not a "representative assembly" in the sense that the House of Commons is representative. Nor were the Prime Ministers who met to take counsel together plenipotentiaries met to negotiate a treaty or agreement, like the members of a Council called to make peace at Versailles or Vienna. Nor were they an Imperial Conference such as is held in peace at fairly regular intervals. All the elements of the Commonwealth and Empire would be more fully represented (in the diplomatic, not the electoral, sense of that word) at a British Imperial Conference.

The Empire Prime Ministers met to consult, to learn one another's mind more fully about the whole complex of problems connected with waging war together, and making peace and the postwar world together. On particular problems and emergencies from day to day these Prime Ministers have, of course, regular means of consulting. They can cable, or write, or telephone direct to one an-

other—and do so very frequently. They have ambassadors called High Commissioners in one another's capitals to deal with matters requiring preparation and negotiation, not excluding some keen horse-trading at times. They can and do send their High Commissioners to attend the War Cabinet in London, or drop in to attend in person if they happen to be in London. What they do not have is a permanent Secretariat for the British Empire and Commonwealth of Nations as a whole. Between Imperial Conferences there are no officers charged with duties for "the Conference." There are only the written minutes and reports of the last Conference. In short, there are only separate Imperial Conferences, not a continuing entity like Parliament.

All this is perfectly simple and quite practical and businesslike. It only seems irregular, anomalous and vague because political theorists are steeped in the political ritual of an age when time and distance were insuperable obstacles to quick communication. To use a partial analogy, the political market has gone on the telephone instead of being confined to fixed office hours and a market place.

The Prime Ministers' Conference, like the larger Imperial Conferences, has no executive, legislative or judicial authority over the Commonwealth and Empire *as a whole*. It cannot issue orders, pass laws, or hand down judgments. And there is no other body or person with those powers. Not the King, nor any Council. Though the established ritual of political action in Canada, for example, includes the use of the King's name in political documents, that is "the King-in-the-Parliament-of-Canada," he must always act on the advice of the Canadian Cabinet. "The-King-in-the-Parliament-of-the-United-Kingdom" has nothing to do with Canada. Common action can be secured only by concurrent legislative and executive action in each of the five or six Parliaments, if prior consultation has made such action seem appropriate and if the Parliaments agree with the Premiers or other representatives who consulted.

Let us look now at the Declaration issued by the Commonwealth Premiers at the end of this Conference and see what they claim to have done. They state:

We, the King's Prime Ministers of the United Kingdom, Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa, have now, for the first time since the outbreak of the war, been able to meet together to discuss common problems and future plans. The representative of India at the War Cabinet and the Prime Minister of Southern Rhodesia have joined in our deliberations and are united with us.

Then follow thanks for deliverance from the worst perils of "this long and terrible struggle against tyranny," and tributes to all who have taken part in it, including "the many states and nations joined with us," and naming the United States, Russia and China in particular. Next is an affirmation that the "British Empire and Commonwealth of Nations" will "continue in the general war with the utmost of our strength" until complete victory has been won. "We shall hold back

nothing." The Premiers affirm that they are in complete agreement on the principles of their foreign policies (note the plural) and their application to current problems.

Then they state the aim of those policies after victory: "all countries now overrun by the enemy shall be free to decide for themselves their future form of democratic government." The American press has rightly seized on the word "democratic." The Commonwealth is a free association of democracies, some of them very small in population. They do not regard the form of other governments as an immaterial accident.

Next they come out flatly for collective security: "We affirm that after the war a world organization to maintain peace and security should be set up and endowed with the necessary power and authority to prevent aggression and violence."

What follows is natural rejoicing in a unity proved in two wars: "That unity finds its strength not in any formal bond, but in the hidden spring from which human action flows . . . this same free association, this inherent unity of purpose, will make us able to do further service to mankind."

Whether Americans will agree or not, they ought to recognize here no sign of movement towards the mourner's bench, no desire for liquidation, but a firm conviction that the British Empire and Commonwealth of Nations is not only good for its members but has performed and will perform a service to mankind. That is the mood and the belief of its leaders and their peoples.

Two interesting points arose in public speeches at the time when the Conference was in session in London. The first related to Imperial Preferences such as were negotiated at the Ottawa Conference in the 1932 depression. Mr. Winston Churchill made it quite clear that these were covered by the phrase "with due regard for their existing obligations" in the Atlantic Charter. For some reason these preferences are widely regarded in the United States as unfair or hostile to the United States. But look at the matter more clearly. The Dominions correspond geographically, but not politically, to the "Regions" of the United States of America. Australia resembles the Southwest. If the Southwest were a single sovereign state with its own tariffs against all the world, as Australia is, would it be thought unfair that it should make its tariff rates lower against the other regions of the United States—say, the Northwest or the South—than against the rest of the world? If the Confederate States had been peacefully established, would it not have been natural for them to have some preferential arrangements with the North? The Imperial Preferences, like any other tariff arrangements, are open to negotiations, and there is scope for mutual concessions and a general lowering of tariffs.

The second point is this: Australia and New Zealand, having arranged a mechanism for permanent consultation on their common interests in the region of the Pacific where they live, Mr. Curtin of Australia spoke in favor of some form of permanent Empire Secretariat "to insure that the close

cooperation established during war should not be permitted to slip back into the casual relationship of prewar days."

"The British Commonwealth," he said, "has shown itself as the most effective structure for regional security the world has ever known, and it is in every country's interest and in the interest of any general security scheme that that structure should be maintained and if possible strengthened." He said that he had no fear that any organized secretariat would assume the direction of British Empire policy. The independence of each member was too firmly established for that, and in each country the Minister responsible to Parliament would be the only person who could make decisions. Mr. Curtin was not able to convince Mr. Mackenzie King of Canada, though he had some support from other Premiers. It seems reasonably certain, therefore, that there will be no substantial change.

In his speech before Parliament, Mr. Mackenzie King said:

Let us, by all means, improve where we can, but in considering new methods of organization we cannot be too careful to see that to our own peoples the new methods will not appear as an attempt to limit their freedom of decision, or, to peoples outside the Commonwealth, as an attempt to establish a separate bloc. Let us beware lest in changing the form we lose the substance, or, for appearance sake, sacrifice reality.

He said later:

If at the close of hostilities the strength and unity of the Commonwealth are to be maintained, these ends will be achieved, not by policies which are exclusive, but by policies which can be shared by other nations. I am firmly convinced that the way to maintain our unity is to base that unity upon principles which can be extended to all nations. I am equally convinced that the only way to maintain world unity is to base it upon principles that can be universally applied.

The Prime Minister's Conference did not spend all the time in general discussions. It cleared up loose ends left over from the continuous cooperative organization of the tremendous military and economic effort of the Commonwealth and Empire. That organization is going on very effectively during the war at many points. But for the world at large, the significance of the Conference is that this Commonwealth of not very large sovereign nations did not turn towards a policy of building their enormous potential resources into a great power bloc, lying between the political poles of the United States and the USSR.

They chose rather to take their place in a larger system of collective security. Instead of emphasizing the peculiar features of their association, they chose to stress the universal principles on which peaceful association must rest. Never dreaming of war as an instrument of national policy against one another, they take for granted the extension of a similar measure of cooperation in free association among the great majority of the nations who neither intend war nor desire it. On this note members of the family council went their ways to the ends of the earth to get on with the job of winning the war.

MANAGING MISCHIEF DURING VACATION

AULEEN BORDEAUX EBERHARDT

THE summer vacation of 1944 is going to mark a critical period in the lives of the youth of our country. Thousands upon thousands of boys and girls will be left to their own devices by their busy parents. They will be free to roam about at will, making mischief, damaging property and encouraging other children to commit lawless deeds.

How are we Catholic parents going to meet this situation? We cannot, conscientiously, let the summer go by without making some kind of provision for our youngsters. This year, of all years, we must work full time at the job of being parents. We dare not turn our children loose at the beginning of the vacation period and expect them to keep out of mischief. They must have some help from us. Times are hectic. There are too many unsupervised children in every neighborhood, eager and ready for trouble. A few days' association with bad companions can undo the work of years of training; and in a surprisingly short time, innocent young souls can be contaminated.

Of course we are busy. Indeed, everyone of us is carrying some extra burden. But we must take the time from our score and more extra duties to plan for the welfare of our children during this summer vacation. If we neglect this duty, we are flying in the face of Providence.

However, we need not go about the job of planning the vacation of our children with long faces and with heavy sighs because of the demands made upon our time. We can make this summer an enjoyable period for ourselves and, at the same time, keep our children free from the contamination that is inevitable if we permit them to wander about unsupervised, and play with undisciplined, lawless youngsters.

We consider ourselves good Catholics, so let's live up to our religion as the first step in our summer plan. Summer, unfortunately, has been a season of spiritual let-down for many people. This year, with war so close to all of us, we could make it a time of spiritual uplift. We all know that sacrifice is pleasing to God, and that He showers down His choicest blessings upon those who go out of their way to pay Him homage. With this thought in mind, why not decide to attend daily Mass this summer—or at least on several week-day mornings—for two special intentions: the protection of our children during vacation, and the welfare of those in the armed forces? Impossible? Not at all. Daily Mass is not a problem for the average person in the summertime. The walk to Mass in the clear, fresh air would be a boon to a father who must work long hours indoors. And mothers could easily attend a later Mass—and take their children with

them. All that is necessary for a family to put this plan into effect is the will to do so. It is far less of an effort than one would suppose. Men and women who have tried out the idea of going to daily Mass declare that it pays lavish dividends in better health, nicer behavior on the part of children and more peaceful home conditions. It is well worth trying.

The next step is for us Catholic parents to plan just what we will do to ensure the welfare of our children during the summer. Growing boys and girls are the most precious assets our nation has today. They are worth saving—even at the cost of most of our leisure time.

Therefore, let us plan a summer of recreation—and of work—for our children. Work is important and it should come first. Many little hands are needed to do the many little jobs around a house and yard. Let us have a family conference with our boys and girls and tell them that if they are willing to spend the morning hours of vacation time at different tasks, we will see to it that they have plenty of fun during the afternoon and the evening. Those of us who deal with children know that busy youngsters are happy, and that all boys and girls want to do worthwhile things. They make mischief only when they are idle, and consequently bored with inactivity.

We Catholic mothers who do our own housework have scores of little jobs which our children can easily perform. For example, during vacation boys and girls can take over the washing of the dishes while mother straightens the house and plans the noon lunch. Porches and walks can be swept in morning hours; yards can be mowed and raked; babies can be watched by older children and victory gardens can be weeded and tended. If children take over these duties, mothers can bake cookies for the afternoon party in the backyard, or plan some interesting activity that requires a bit of extra work. If mothers adhere to their system of doing most of the housework in the morning, there will be leisure for fun with the children in the afternoon.

Backyard parties make a great hit with children. Neighborhood picnics to which children of parents who work are invited, are likewise popular—and beneficial. Mothers can take groups of children to parks for the afternoon and for an early supper when they can be joined by fathers. Walks in the country with several mothers chaperoning groups of merry children attract youngsters of all ages. Visits to nearby farms are highly enjoyed by boys and girls alike, and make for excellent urban-city relations. The courtesy can be returned by inviting country children to picnics at city parks, with their zoos and horticultural exhibits.

The time mothers spend in planning affairs of this kind for their own and for the neighborhood children will be well spent if for one reason only—because it keeps small folk out of mischief. However, another important angle is that it builds a firm foundation of parent-children comradeship—a most important thing in these days when youngsters, whose nerves are frayed with the tension of

war, simply must have a sensation of security, a feeling that they truly belong to a protected and cherished family group.

In the evening, fathers can help with the recreation program. Dad need not give up his golf to be with his sons; he can bring them along, either to caddy for him at regular intervals, or to watch his game and take an occasional shot at the ball. The fellows in his foursome won't object if he suggests that they, too, bring along their sons. And it is perfectly true that many a father who took his son with him when he played golf as a kind of an unpleasant duty, found himself thrilled at the youngster's pride and enthusiasm when Dad made a particularly good shot. Then, too, he will be less apt to gamble, and he will guard his language when his son is present.

Baseball offers excellent outlets for combating juvenile mischief. Here again fathers can play an important part. Catholic dads could organize teams in their respective neighborhoods, and secure permission to play the games on the parish recreation fields. Few pastors would object to this plan. Games could likewise be played on vacant lots or community playgrounds. Mothers and daughters, and even toddlers, could make up the necessary quota of baseball fans—so essential to the morale of a ball team.

Fishing on free afternoons, or when Dad can get away from work early, presents many fine recreational aspects, among the most important of which is that the whole family can participate in this type of fun. Even if we mothers do hate the sight of worms and minnows, we could create good feeling by our mere presence—for what son does not like to shine in the eyes of his mother by "pulling in a big one"?

We Catholic parents could exert a beneficial influence in our neighborhoods by starting family recreation projects and by inviting the people who live near us to take part. Backyard suppers, old-fashioned ice-cream socials on the lawn, friendly sing-songs in yards on summer nights, are all delightful forms of recreation in which parents and children could participate. We need not have recreation every evening or every afternoon; it is much better to allow children to look forward to a pleasure for several days. The principal thing, however, is for children to know that their parents are planning interesting and stimulating things for them to enjoy.

There are scores of methods whereby we parents can plan the summer activities of our children and participate in them ourselves. They take time, of course. They mean the placing of self in the background, by the parents—and making the welfare of our children of the utmost importance. But whatever sacrifice we make of leisure and of self will be worthwhile. Our children need our guidance and our care this year as never before; they need the assurance that we love them and are willing to sacrifice our own leisure and pleasures to make them happy.

If we are on the job as parents, juvenile mischief will make little headway in our localities.

IRISH POTATO PROSPERITY FOR MAINE'S FRENCH-AMERICANS

PAT McGRADY

PROSPERITY has come again to Maine's potato people—and particularly to the peaceful, prolific, French-speaking Acadians of Aroostook, the largest county east of the Mississippi.

Long overdue, it rounded the northeasternmost corner of the United States last Fall in the shape of a record-smashing 70-million-bushel crop—one-seventh of the nation's total production. Since then, crop cash has been rolling in as never before. Prosperity arrived in the nick of time to save the Acadians—almost one-half of whom already had left home—from being dispersed entirely from their pastoral St. John River Valley; and it ended a fifteen-year depression that had wrought terrible poverty coupled with disease and despair.

It took something drastic—about the size of a world war—to end Aroostook's depression. It took the Government's demand for all-out production to induce farmers to gamble their all again against the vagaries of potato prices, recurrent blight, drought, flood, early frost, late freezes, labor shortage, broken and irreplaceable machinery. But when the Government last Spring called for all the potatoes they could grow, the Acadians put all their red, white and blue chips on the double zero. Many mortgaged everything creditors would accept as security. They knew that they were short on labor, barrels, storage space, trucks and trains. But they put into the ground the biggest crop ever grown—planted their fields and their pastures right up to their back doors. The Government had said: "Food will win the war and write the peace." With sons in the service and its fortunes in the ground, Aroostook was in the war up to its neck.

You could begin the Aroostook story at any of many places: back as far as the middle of the eighteenth century, when the county was first settled by some English and a shipload of Acadians who had mutinied in the Bay of Fundy against the British who were taking them from Nova Scotia to Louisiana; in the halcyon days of the nineteenth century, when these hardy folk lived abundantly and happily from the land; early this century when their potato land became pure pay dirt; in 1926, when for a few fleeting weeks potato prices struck an all-time high of ten dollars a barrel and farmers bought fancy automobiles and spent with a free hand; or almost any time during the last fifteen years when the bottom had fallen out of the potato market and misery deepened. Someone had whispered that potatoes were fattening.

Perhaps the most critical period was in 1937 when the Farm Security Administration stepped into the picture. FSA, which makes loans and lends technical guidance only to farmers who cannot get fair credit elsewhere, found in Aroostook one of its most perplexing problem areas. With their credit gone, their old general farming skills forgotten, their health impaired and their instincts now those of gamblers rather than of growers, the Aroostook people were going to be hard to rehabilitate.

Credit was in bad shape. After the boom, some banks had closed and some bankers had shot themselves. The survivors were canny about credit for potato growers. Local governments, unable to collect their high taxes, were acquiring more land than they knew what to do with. Between seventy and eighty per cent of all farms were heavily mortgaged. Most of the farmers were so deep in debt that they could not get out in a dozen good years. Shylocks and sharpers, finding their personal prosperity rise in direct ratio to the depth of the general depression, were hounding debtors, acquiring farm after farm and incorporating them into vast tracts which could be operated from New York and Boston. Interest rates on contractors' and commission merchants' loans averaged more than sixty-seven per cent for six months; and collateral frequently included crops, lands, buildings, machinery, equipment and livestock.

The one-crop system left little hope. Still following the maddening mirage of a ten-dollar-a-barrel year, farmers were reluctant to grow anything but potatoes. The lingering legend of potato panics paying off in fabulous prices made talk of general farming sound silly. Local markets for fresh meats and vegetables were ignored; and growers paid without a grumble the unregulated freight rates of the intra-State Bangor and Aroostook Railroad, exorbitant storage charges levied by creditor-dealers and other expenses to which the unorganized, small-margin operator is ever a victim.

Hardest hit was the health of the people. FSA conducted a survey and found that twenty-three per cent had bad tonsils; twenty-six per cent were anemic; twenty-seven per cent suffered from malnutrition; eighty per cent had bad teeth. Children—as many as eighteen and twenty to a family—were subject to scurvy and rickets. Priests and doctors alike argued with women to have pre-natal and post-natal care to cut the horrible infant-mortality rate; but fewer than ten per cent bothered

to call a doctor before delivery time. One aging priest related sadly that during the last six months he had baptized fifty children and buried fifteen. Doctors pointed out that, with proper nutrition, children from large families were as healthy as those from smaller families. But they wondered how to educate mothers in nutrition.

That, briefly, was the picture that faced FSA seven years ago as it moved in with the best staff it could muster in an effort to rebuild the emaciated economy of the area.

The agency started by attempting to reduce debts. County committees of public-spirited citizens were called into conference with debtors and creditors and, by lengthening the term of obligations and scaling down debts to a reasonable size, they gave some hope to debtor and creditor alike. Those who owed money to defunct banks contributed to a pool to buy back their obligations, which were being bought up in large blocks by city men whose business is collection. One group of borrowers from the long-closed Fort Kent Trust Company got together a kitty of \$1,000 in 1942. With \$400 they bought up their own notes, which had a total face value of \$18,000. With the remaining \$600, they bought up the notes of other farmers—a total of about \$150,000 on face value—and began destroying them as contributions rolled in. These notes, in the hands of a collection agency, would be collectable for fifteen years.

Priests, the Government and businessmen organized the farmers into cooperatives, which purchased in wholesale lots machinery, fertilizer, seed, feed and livestock, and sold potatoes, meat, vegetables and dairy products. Land leases and mortgage terms were ironed out to give the farmer a stronger hold on the acreage he operated.

During the Depression, Farm Security had insisted that its borrowers grow gardens of nutritious food, can and dry enough for family wants, keep cows, chickens, sheep and hogs, repair antiquated buildings and sanitation facilities. Old spinning-wheels and looms came down out of the attic, and women revived long-forgotten home-making talents. There was talk of renting a vacant garage, installing hand-loom and weaving tweeds for which the Acadians once were famous.

By the time war broke out, Aroostook stood on a financial foundation resembling that of the original settlers. Thousands of farm families slowly but surely were getting out of debt. Through cooperative organizations and FSA loans and grants, health had improved perceptibly. Farm Security had made loans to almost one-third of the farmers; and its collections mounted annually. All businesses, slumbering for years, began to awaken.

At the same time, sturdy youngsters left their homes for industrial centers and pay such as they had never dreamed of. Gradually, their families began following them south; and for a long time it looked as though the county might lose most of its small-farm families.

Then, in 1942, with a new demand for food both here and abroad, Aroostook County dug up its idle fields and planted potatoes. More than forty-four

million bushels were grown—substantially more than the average year—and sold at fair prices.

The Government asked for more potatoes in 1943; and still more potatoes were planted. They grew from back-porch to the farthest horizons. Farmers watched the weather by the hour. Despite a late Spring, it remained generally good.

Then early last September it became apparent that Aroostook County was in for a record crop. Early estimates set it at fifty million bushels. Digging began, and farmers found that they had thirty or forty or eighty more barrels to the acre than during the last record year. Estimates soared to sixty million bushels. As the digging progressed, it became evident that the most optimistic figures were conservative. The crop would amount to more than seventy million bushels!

That's when the headaches began. There was a shortage of barrels. Picking had begun late; and even if it had begun early there would still not be enough labor. More than twenty million bushels lacked storage. Machinery was breaking down under the strain, and replacements were hard to get. The already-overtaxed railroads could not promise to get rolling stock into the area very soon.

It was a tough problem; but Aroostook's fortunes were tied up in getting that crop out of the ground and safely in storage or on the rails by October 18, when killing frosts normally are expected. A way had to be found.

The War Food Administration, which through FSA and its Office of Labor had shuttled thousands upon thousands of foreign and domestic workers from crop to crop during the Summer, sprang into action. It called for labor volunteers. More than 600 physically fit Boy Scouts from lower New England, 611 Arkansans, 438 Kentuckians, 460 West Virginians, 339 Jamaicans who had spent the summer in Wisconsin, and many others responded and were loaded into east-bound trains. Canadian college students and Micmac Indians came across the border. A few city folk from Boston and New York volunteered. Dante Mazze, a Boston blind man, practised picking potatoes in the hallway of his home for two weeks and went to Aroostook, where he averaged twenty-three barrels a day. Some worked for patriotism and some for unprecedentedly high wages (fifteen to twenty-two cents a barrel). Aroostook schoolboys, released during the picking season, did the work of men. And men performed miracles. They were working against time.

Potatoes were stored in barns, vacant houses—everywhere. Barns bulged and broke, and so did some storage houses. Growers agreed to ship their products ungraded to facilitate their movement out of Maine and the imminent winter weather. Eventually they moved at the rate of 500 and 600 carloads a day. But still there was not enough space.

The Farm Security Administration, in an effort to protect the Government's investment in its borrowers, rushed engineers into Aroostook. They revived an ancient method of pit storage. Drainage had to be right. Ridges and supports, which had to be cut from the farmer's own land or his neighbor's, had to hold up earthen and straw roofs capa-

ble of keeping out the cold. It was a knotty problem; but it was solved. It was solved on paper and blueprints as a half-dozen State-owned huge power shovels, which had lumbered hundreds of miles over the highways to get there, began digging big holes in the earth at 600 pounds per shovelful.

Farmers found that they could not work alone. They loaned and borrowed workers, barrels, trucks, loaders. When they finished picking their own potatoes, they turned to on their neighbors' acreage.

By October 18, about ninety per cent of the crop was in. The killing frost had not yet arrived. But rain came down steadily for days. Between storms, workers continued to pick. Thin-blooded Jamaicans found it colder than they had ever dreamt this world could be. Each day they greeted one another with the smiling complaint: "That ice man's here again today." On November 10, white rain—the first snow they had ever seen—fell; but the Jamaicans stayed on. About ninety-five per cent of the crop had been brought in. It was not bad—hardly more than the loss during a normal year.

Now Aroostook County is getting out of debt again. It can't—and doesn't want to—buy the fancy automobiles it did during the earlier eras of pseudo-prosperity. A lot of the livestock, acquired during the depression when the county learned the hard way of the vicissitudes of a one-crop economy, is being kept. Homes were repaired last winter and fine fabrics spun for good home-made clothes.

The Boy Scouts, back in their schools in lower New England, are willing to harvest another record this year. The Jamaicans, some of whom wintered in their sunny Caribbean paradise and regaled neighbors with stories of that incredible white substance, snow, are anxious to return to this country. Aroostook earth, frozen deep and hard all winter, again is being plowed; and the residents look forward to the return of the Southern drawl, the Micmacs, the college students, the Scouts and the Jamaicans. And they say that if the Government wants still more potatoes, they won't stop at the doorstep this year. They'll plant their porches and parlors too.

THE CHURCH'S WARTIME WORK MUST BE ORGANIZED FOR PEACE

COURTENAY SAVAGE



DURING the past three years, millions of Catholics, accustomed to turning to the Church for spiritual guidance, have acquired the habit of asking Catholic agencies for aid concerning their wartime material problems and leisure-time activities. And this important new social trend must be remembered, and seriously considered, by those who plan the Church's program for tomorrow.

It is hardly necessary to draw attention to the manner in which the Church has followed her sons and daughters to war. The accomplishments of the Chaplains at the fighting fronts, and in camps and bases in this country, need no recounting. Neither is it necessary to detail the spiritual, social, recreational or educational welfare offered to men and women in uniform, to war-production workers, and to the families of both, by service clubs working under Catholic auspices. Catholics and non-Catholics have learned that they have only to ask for help and it is given. So they have asked again and again, until such a reliance has become a part of the pattern of life.

It must not be construed that this asking for help indicates that men and women have lost their ability to care for themselves, or that this means

a growing lack of physical, mental or financial independence.

It is true that the regimentation due to wartime living has been responsible for the "adjustment" which makes it correct for a man with money in his pocket to ask someone to find him a room for the night, but the request is, no sign of weakness. If anything, it typifies strength of character, for there is a quality of working together that is part of true Christian neighborliness.

Hundreds of thousands of men and women, most of them young, have found themselves ordered to unfamiliar communities, but the experience, which nearly always has meant giving up home ties, has been made less unpleasant because the newcomer can almost be sure there will be a social agency ready to help solve the immediate physical needs with a minimum expenditure of time and effort on his part.

And while the fulfilling of physical needs comes first, experience has shown that the finding of a furnished room, or a similar service, often has brought about a consciousness that the Church stands ready to offer far greater benefits than the purely material. Stories of how temporal services

have led to a spiritual awakening have been told so many times that some have become almost legendary. And to recall the young man in uniform who said: "I left the Church four years ago, but there's something about this place that makes me know I've got to go back," does only one thing—it emphasizes the spiritual and material responsibility which the Church has accepted for the duration, and indicates the role which must be accepted with fervor during the postwar tomorrows when millions will be readjusting to civilian life.

There will be certain similarities between the war and the postwar programs—there also will be vast and important differences. The war-time programs of the National Catholic Community Service, the Knights of Columbus and local Church cantens have been centered in areas where there have been great war concentrations, but the postwar program will have to be set up on a decentralized pattern. As they are discharged, men will hurry home to small towns, or to distinct neighborhoods in great cities.

And their civilian needs, naturally, will be different than those they faced the day they were issued a uniform. Men or women arriving at a camp or base are fed, sheltered and given clothing. They are checked physically and mentally; there are bureaus to help them with their financial affairs; movies, camp shows and radio programs are provided for their morale; they have access to reading matter. Mail is delivered; there are opportunities to phone home; the pay check arrives promptly. When on furlough or liberty, those in uniform are able to turn to many sources for information or entertainment.

War-production workers, while not so well cared for as men and women in uniform, frequently are provided with housing facilities, physical check-ups and company eating places. Entertainment is offered, and usually there is an effort made to see that friendships are formed so that the newcomer will not grow lonely and desert the production-line.

The situation will be very different on that tomorrow which sees discharge papers being signed by the wholesale and war-emergency plants closed down. It will be exciting to start for home, but there is sure to be an accompanying sensation of doubt and bewilderment. After all, you cannot train men and women to look for guidance, and then suddenly turn them aside with the admonition: "Okay—you're on your own."

The finding of a job will be, of course, the major problem for most men, but it is unlikely that this will be the concern of private agencies, though Church welfare projects should survey the job field and stand ready to make suggestions.

Certainly every pastor, every Church group, should know the location, and the work status, of the various State, Federal and private-industry bureaus through which hundreds of thousands of postwar jobs will be filled. It is difficult today, when the shortage of manpower is so serious, to talk accurately of the jobs of tomorrow. Over a million men have been discharged from the Army since Pearl Harbor, and the Navy must have let

out a considerable number, but the discharged man who is physically able to do any work has only to lift a phone and get a job. The local Selective Service Boards, and the Veterans Division of the United States Employment Service, have been set up to help bring the discharged man to work best suited to his present physical and mental condition, and to his skill.

Church welfare agencies must know about jobs, but the spiritual and social problems of the returned serviceman will be of even greater importance than reemployment, for how can a man readjust his life when he lacks emotional stability?

Almost the first working premise of those entrusted with the duty of helping with postwar adjustments should be that the man who returns from war will not be the same man who went away. Time and distance will have changed him. He will have seen suffering, have suffered himself. His nerves will be "edgy." In many instances, he will have "grown," and the people and things which pleased him in 1942 may not interest him when he is again at home.

Many men will return to face legal problems—taxes, wills, property sales, insurance. Personal health will need to be watched, for our physicians have warned there may be tropical fevers of a recurring type, and there are sure to be adjustments relative to family responsibilities that will need a priest's kindly care in order to prevent them from developing into tragically broken homes. Many war brides will need thoughtful advice as to how best to help their husbands back to unregimented living; mothers, fathers, friends will need to exercise patience and understanding. There are sure to be petty tempers, temporary separations, and each case will have to be treated individually.

A few weeks ago a man who had served for seventeen months was discharged for physical disability, and returned to his California home. He was nervous, not shell-shocked, but excitable, quick-tempered and highly critical. He got work at once, but was greatly irritated because he had to carry his lunch. He began to complain of the civilian food, repeatedly pointing out that at camp he had been allowed all the butter he could eat. The family, who had literally pulled in their belts, grew tired of listening to his tirades and answered back. This was a further annoyance, so the man began to stop at a cocktail bar on his way home, and frequently was drunk. The family was ashamed, but excused him, and tried to hide his condition. Then a life-time friend decided to risk the chances of breaking that friendship. He invited the man to dinner. A priest and the family doctor were also invited. The plain talk that followed the meal was resented by the returned serviceman, but it had its climax two days later in the study of the priest, where a pledge was taken, for the talk had set the man to thinking and made him anxious "to snap out of it."

In countless forms, men and women returning to the uncertainties of civilian life are going to need help which the Church must be ready to offer.

In 1940, when the Selective Service Act was

passed, and "Help Wanted" placards were being plastered across the country by personnel officers of war-production plants, the Church hastily instituted a wartime program which, as a whole, has worked remarkably well. The Church should have an even more carefully planned national program to aid her sons and daughters during the trying days which are sure to come with peace. The war is far from won, but such a Catholic program should start as soon as possible; a simple practical program set up so that it will work as well from the rectory of a crossroads town as from one in a great city.

It would seem that the postwar program of the Church should definitely be slanted as a community service. Parishes that excitedly planned parties for men that were leaving for camps and bases would do well to give similar parties for men returning to civilian life. And the pastor who proudly tells that he writes regularly to each of the 155 men now in uniform from his parish ought to make it his business to follow each of those 155 men back to their homes. Men are going to need all the friendly aid they can get as they face the perplexities of civilian life, and any feeling that a parish supper and dance are irrelevant to a postwar plan is evidence of a lack of knowledge of human nature.

There is an emotional, psychological value to a party that must be realized by those who wish to help returning men. Many of these men will have spent long months in isolated posts, and will have acquired a lonely, bitter attitude toward existence. The glamor, the parades, will be over. Men will be on their own. Many will have to be resold on the fact that there is good in the world.

The therapeutic value of a series of "Welcome Home" parties may be better understood through the retelling of the story of a Marine who after several months of treatments was again able to walk. He had progressed from crutches to a cane, but stopped there, for the doctors could not convince him that he could put aside the stick. One evening, after considerable persuasion, he attended a party given at an NCCS club for returned servicemen. A hostess was from his home town, and there was excited conversation about family, friends and familiar streets. During the supper which was served, the girl said she would get them each a second cup of coffee, but the young man jumped to his feet and was half way across the room before he realized he was walking without his cane.

A priest's job, a parish job, that's what the Church's postwar work should be, with all parish groups participating, and with carefully chosen men and women of particular skill heading committees that stand ready to offer specialized aid. There should be a priest, lawyer, doctor, real-estate man, farmer, banker, labor authority, etc., and the service offered should be publicized from the pulpit and in the Catholic and secular press. The welfare program of the NCCS which has been available to every man and woman, regardless of race or creed, has resulted in a greater understanding, and therefore greater tolerance, of

Catholicism. It would be well to extend the services of Catholic postwar committees to any man or woman who asks for information or aid.

It must not be construed that nothing has been done by Church affiliates to aid men who are now returning. There are local endeavors, a number of them. In New York, the NCCS club across from the Cathedral has a project which has been quietly helping men to "adjust." In Los Angeles, a Knights of Columbus council which has done an excellent job of providing sleeping quarters and recreation for servicemen visiting the city experimented with a plan to help discharged servicemen, and it proved so successful that a permanent committee has been established to serve men returning to civilian life. Signs have been posted in the canteen telling men that if they have any problem they can consult the Director, and he will send them to a well informed man qualified to offer an expert opinion on a given subject.

While the Church's postwar work will undoubtedly be carried out by small groups, it would seem that there should be a national directive. Naturally, this will have to be flexible enough to meet conditions which will change from parish to parish. It may be necessary to raise a general fund to which American Catholics will be asked to subscribe, or perhaps local funds raised by individual communities can be used.

But it must be kept in mind that the Church's postwar program will not be a charity problem, and to approach it from the angle of organized charity would mean immediate failure, for the vast majority of men and women will be asking for advice, not alms, and they will resent any suggestion of charity.

The Director of a West Coast service club for Negroes stood, thoughtfully, looking over the men who had gathered in the club's lounge. Most of them were from the Navy, and presently the Director turned away and spoke. "The Navy has opened its recruiting to Negroes," she said slowly. "They'll be in Navy service from now on. And a great many of the men here tonight are Catholics. When they came ashore at this base they expected to find a Catholic agency to which they could turn for welfare and recreation. The Church is represented here today; it must always be represented here, for if the men can't find what they need from a Catholic agency they'll quickly go elsewhere."

Her last sentence gives a vivid picture of the vital need for a Catholic postwar program. Today millions of Catholic men and women are turning to Church agencies for spiritual and material counsel, and if there is not a Church agency to offer assistance graciously, cheerfully, during the postwar tomorrows, then those who seek, but cannot find, may go elsewhere. The result may be a tragic leakage from the Church.

The Church has followed her sons and daughters to war—it must follow them as they return from war. If there is no organized postwar program—well, to use the vernacular—you either catch a boat, or you miss it. There is no alternative.

A PACT FOR PEACE

PIUS XI was fond of repeating that "the great events of this world are fashioned by the hands of God and not by hands of men."

At the present moment, the hands of man are busy fashioning the great offensives that will finally blast the fortress of evil fashioned by the hands of those other men who are enemies of all men. On the success of those offensives hangs the hope of the world's return to a pattern of human living. On those offensives and their aftermath depends the peace of the entire world for decades, or even centuries, to come.

The great offensives have already begun to move. It may not be entirely meaningless that the rolling of still greater offensives will coincide with the coming of the month of June, the month dedicated to the Sacred Heart, the "Heart that has so loved men." June is a month especially dedicated to Him who promised "I will establish peace in their homes. . . . I will pour abundant blessings on all their undertakings. . . . I will be their secure refuge in life and above all in death."

In the present crisis these promises take on a keener meaning. Now, as never before, we need "abundant blessings" on our greatest undertaking. Those who fly and roar and foot-slog their way into battle, and those who work and wait at home need that "secure refuge in life and above all in death." Even after the last gun shall have been fired, we shall need even more the help of the Sacred Heart to "establish peace" in many homes and in many nations.

We want the banner of the Sacred Heart to fly over our troops in battle. He alone can give them victory. The military mobilization for the offensives is a magnificent thing, complete, thorough, heedless of personal sacrifice and personal suffering. The spiritual mobilization must be equally complete, equally heedless of sacrifice and suffering. In the forefront of spiritual mobilization must be devotion to the Sacred Heart, for this is a devotion of sacrifice, a devotion of suffering and reparation, a devotion of love. It is a fighting devotion, a soldier's devotion.

All through the month of June, we should unite our sacrifices and our suffering with the Great Sacrifice of the Sacred Heart on Calvary, the Sacrifice daily renewed on our altars. All through this month, in public and private Holy Hours, it must be our task to offer to the Sacred Heart generous reparation for all the sins of all mankind that are after all the root causes of the great conflict that is now reaching a climax. In this month of June, through prayer and penance and sacrifice, we must learn from the Sacred Heart the love of all mankind that alone "will establish peace" when the hatreds of war are exhausted.

"Take care of My interests and My Honor," said the Sacred Heart to Saint Margaret Mary, "and My Heart will take care of you and your interests." That is the promise and the pact of peace He offers us this month of June, 1944.

EDITORIAL

FAKIR HARA-KIRI

"YOU are inclined to suspect everyone around you, especially your wartime friends," said the British Minister to Washington, Sir Gerald Campbell, telling a Chicago Rotary International Convention why Americans are an enigma to Britons. Sir Gerald probably spoke some modicum of truth, but the fact remains that there are some wartime friends of whom we ought, in all realism, to be suspicious.

We ought to be suspicious of fellow Americans, in name, who write to *Life* magazine, congratulating the New Jersey town that kicked out a loyal Japanese-American citizen, and we ought to be suspicious of the prestidigitators who have just recently palmed the American Communist Party and drawn the Communist Political Association out of their sleeve.

Certainly, a political party that was utterly insensate to the moral issues of the war as late as 1940 and did not become even faintly alive to them until Russia was attacked, never deserved the allegiance of any American. For that reason, we are happy that such a party will no longer clutter up the political scene.

But we view with jaundiced eyes the pious intentions of the new Association "to achieve collaboration with broader circles of American life to help more effectively in the solution of the tasks facing the country." Mr. Browder, described in William Z. Foster's nominating speech as "one of the finest agitators the country has produced," is indeed ill equipped for a task that demands unity and teamwork.

The dissolution of the Comintern has not materially hampered the work of the Communists, particularly that welling out to the whole of Latin America from the office of Mr. Oumansky in Mexico. The work of the Communists here, despite the dissolution of the Party, will doubtless go on, and even be more difficult to detect, because of their protective coloration.

The only congratulatory note that we can sound is to felicitate Mr. Browder on being realistic, on waking to the fact that, whatever lunatic fringe our country boasts, Communism simply does not go down with us. We can summon no admiration for his and the Party's self-immolation. They seem to have committed hara-kiri, but we strongly suspect that it was with a rubber dagger.

CANDOR IN WASHINGTON

TWELVE months ago some forty Communists, radio operators on our merchant ships, who had been discharged in virtue of Navy-sponsored legislation barring Communists, Nazis, Fascists or Japanese from U. S. vessels, were restored to their jobs. This was done over the objection of an Admiral who was subsequently forced to retire, it was said, because of his stand on this and other issues involving Communists in the Navy. The way in which high Navy officials were circumvented and pressure applied from outside the Navy Department through higher-ups raised a cloud of suspicion which was never fully cleared up.

Now the report is circulated that the Navy Intelligence has discontinued its Communist investigating division and that its files are slated to be dismantled. As we write, no Navy official has allowed himself to be quoted as to what is actually intended or the reasons for the reported change in policy. It is said that the Budget Bureau had been responsible for the change on the score of unnecessary duplication.

The attitude of officialdom to date has lacked the candor which the public has a right to expect in such matters concerning the safety of the nation. If the case of twelve months ago had been cleared up to the public's satisfaction, we might not now be alarmed. But this new development, added to the strange business of last year, fills the onlooker with mystification, doubt and suspicion. We have had no assurances that unnamed personalities are not still exerting pressure upon the Navy from outside, say, through the Budget Bureau. We have no explanation of what was originally intended, what the reasons were, what was to become of the dismantled files.

By contrast, the attitude of the Army is clear and unambiguous. In response to a query on a similar rumor heard in the Capital, the War Department, under the signature of Secretary Stimson, assured the Senate Military Affairs Committee that the Army had no intention of destroying records pertaining to subversive activities, that no such records had been destroyed, that such records as may be destroyed in the interests of efficiency will be destroyed according to legal procedure. We wish the same candor existed elsewhere in Washington.

THE DIES COMMITTEE

NO Congressional Committee, not even the Truman Committee, has been on the front pages more often these past few years than the House Committee for the Investigation of Un-American Activities (Dies Committee). Generated by the ideological welter of our times, especially by the fear and confusion engendered by the late, unlamented "Popular Front" tactic of the Communist Party, this Committee, as late as two months ago, appeared to be solidly established in the affections of Congress and the country. Despite sharp attacks from the Leftist and Liberal press, and even from such conservative organs as the *New York Times*, Congress voted unfailingly whatever funds the Committee requested.

Now, with a suddenness which caught political observers completely by surprise, all this has changed. Within the short space of a few weeks the Dies Committee has disintegrated. First of all, the Committee's sponsor and chairman, Martin Dies, of Texas, announced that he would not seek re-election to his seat in Congress "for reasons of health." This unforeseen development was quickly followed by the startling defeat in the recent primaries of two of the Committee's Democratic members—Representatives Starnes, of Alabama, and Costello, of California. Since Mr. Dies has been from the beginning the indefatigable spark-plug of the Committee, his defection alone might have been mortal. With the simultaneous disappearance from the political scene of two other Committee members, even though one of them was not very active, the fate of the Committee is decided. The Dies Committee has ceased, in fact if not in law, to exist.

This Review has never wavered in supporting the objectives of the Dies Committee. The imposing number of substantial citizens, not to mention the horde of befuddled Liberals, who succumbed to Communist propaganda and naively fronted for the Party, revealed the necessity for an educational program designed to put the American people on guard. This became all the more imperative when Communists and their stooges invaded Washington and wormed themselves into Federal jobs.

But the Dies Committee never fully lived up to the high purpose for which it was created. At times it seemed more intent on headlines than on exposing subversive activities. It had a tendency to confuse progressive thought with subversive thought. Somewhat too credulous in its investigations, it failed to achieve that judicial attitude which is so necessary where reputations are concerned. And it frequently exposed itself to the charge of playing politics and acting as an organ for social and economic reactionaries.

The Dies Committee is finished, but not the work it was created to do. Propagandists for Nazism and Communism will continue to plague us, and their identities and activities ought to be revealed. This might well be the job of a new committee intent on achieving the aims of the Dies Committee and avoiding its mistakes.

A TIME FOR CONFIDENCE

FEW kinds of advice are more needed at the present time than that offered by the Most Rev. Samuel A. Stritch, Archbishop of Chicago, before the recent convention of the Catholic Press Association in Milwaukee. (cf. *AMERICA*, May 27, *Underscorings*). The Archbishop warned against a defeatist spirit as to peace planning, counseled against fears of unreal proportions which would credit greater powers to "interests" than they actually possess; and urged positive planning and intelligent confidence.

Archbishop Stritch is chairman of the Bishops' committee on the Papal peace points; and he spoke, not from theory, but from consciousness of a very real danger.

The type of mind to which the Archbishop refers is fundamentally (to use his term) a "lazy mind." Such a mind evades doing a *necessary* work under the plea that nobody can do a *perfect* work. The necessary work for the securing of a future and lasting peace is twofold: the establishment of certain great moral principles, and the solution of a multitude of difficult technical problems in the social, economic, educational and political fields.

The lazy mind evades such tasks through a multitude of excuses. It is always easy to show how all human things fall short of perfection; that the highest resolves can fail when not sustained by the grace of God. It takes little effort to draw up an impressive list of failures in past history of the best laid plans of sages and politicians. It is easy to quote the inconsistencies of the mighty statesmen who now occupy the center of the international stage. A bill of indictments can be framed against every active man in public life, sufficient to undermine, in someone's mind, every credit that can be given to his finest promises. And it is also easy to point to the dangers that attend any kind of collaboration, even in the purely civic field, with those of other faiths and differing principles; not so easy, however, though obviously necessary, to determine the wisest and most prudent course to be followed in such collaboration.

Out of abundant dossiers and files elaborate demonstrations can be developed as to the activities of subversive groups, international rings, secret "interests," who are waiting to seize power in the event of any kind of international organization. Nothing is easier than to spread rumors, and manipulation of them is sufficient to gain anyone a reputation of realism and canny insight. Wisely says Archbishop Stritch: "We always have among us those who like to spread fear, but while it could be a mistake not to face realistically the threats to peace, it is possible for us to dwell so much upon them as to allow ourselves to be mentally paralyzed or semi-paralyzed."

But it is not possible to conduct the ordinary affairs of life on a basis of abstention or perfectionism. In daily life, political, business, professional, we have to trust the good faith and decency of public and private individuals or agencies about whom at best we can make but an approximate

judgment. It would be an infinitely finer and happier world if we enjoyed better guarantees as to each of our fellow men. But if we are not to turn the world over to chaos we have to work with persons and institutions largely as we find them, ever insisting upon certain elementary and basic principles, and always patiently and hopefully toiling to make these persons and institutions better.

One after another, voices are raised through the country warning against the fearful danger of yielding any longer at this critical moment to the temptations of such mental paralysis. Sumner Welles, in his latest address, warned of the dangers of a "policy of drift" in our American foreign policy. Anne O'Hare McCormick, following Sumner Welles, showed that if "no steps are taken to broaden the base of the postwar directorate by including representatives of other nations, the idea of an association of free peoples will fade out of the picture":

To concentrate on a Four-Power authority represents the way of least resistance, even for the convinced internationalist. Difficult as it may be, as it already is, to establish agreement among the major Powers, it is obviously much harder to reach decisions when the council is enlarged, and the temptation to postpone that troublesome job is very strong.

A half century ago, the leading Catholics of France had an exceptional opportunity to make certain decisions. These, if made, would have gone far toward healing an otherwise irreparable breach between the various classes and political groups in that much-tried country. Pope Leo XIII appealed to the French Catholics to rally to the support of the Third Republic. The Pope spoke with full consciousness of all the objections that could be raised against such a stand. He knew the deep loyalty of many leading Catholics to the cause of Royalist restoration. He was fully alive to the hatefulness of anti-religious plots and persecutions. Nevertheless, "amid all his cares," Pope Leo judged the time had come to appeal "not only to Catholics, but to all honorable and intelligent Frenchmen, to banish far from themselves every germ of political dissension, in order to devote themselves single-mindedly to the pacification of their country." He knew the price they would have to pay for such unification, but begged them to be humble and generous enough to pay it.

Political defeatism, however, had its day, under the guise of religious "correct thinking"; and since that time the entire world has had to pay the price for the refusal in the "Nineties" of France's conservative leaders to listen to the advice that was then offered them.

The religious-minded people of this country have in their hands today the future destiny of the world. If skepticism and timidity hinder them from participating in peace plans, they will, as Pope Leo XIII said in his Encyclical *Immortale Dei*, merely abandon their own cause into the hands of those whom the world recognizes as its enemies. The hour is late, but not too late to arouse a hundred million voices to insist that any plan or organization adopted after the war shall fulfil the minimum requirements of a just peace.

LITERATURE AND ART

MUSIC EDUCATORS CONVENTION

SISTER MARGARET TERESA

CONVENTIONS aren't like that. The cool peace of April just deciding to turn May, feathery morning breezes going nowhere in particular, willing to be anthropocentric (as anciently they were, in Eden), robins singing—over three hundred delegates, many late arrivals, and no noise, no confusion! The late arrivals reach the door, move into Beauty, and for a brief minute of adjustment are still; then they, too, become part of the Beauty. They are singing, singing their inmost thoughts, in entire accord with that *schola cantorum* of little novices in the center whom they do not know.

Few of the delegates and visitors to this State Convention know each other; but in the last few years they have sung together, though separated by many miles. They are part of the Singing Body of the Church, which has life in the Singing Word. This is a convention of Music Educators, people who plot against the troubled mediocrity of our lives, who would heal the schism between our week days and our Sundays and bring us all, in time, under the sway of spiritual music.

Inside the sanctuary rail stands a nationally known choirmaster. He does not look nationally known, but celestially; not famed, but loved—an image of that absorbed awareness of God that will be our happy eternity. With precise art his hand is translating our thoughts into a worthy expression of prayer, a unity of song.

The celebrant, too, is absorbed. Humility, finest of all beauty within the sanctuary, holds an eloquent voice in check; no note exceeds its time. The tone is utterly true; the defining and ineffaceable overtone is sweet—there are generations of Irish tenors behind that instrument of God's praise.

Watch these convention-goers assembling to hear the first spoken words of welcome. (Not the first *welcome!* That was given by the Singing Word.) As they cross the lawns, peace and the robin's song still prevail. There will be a distinctive peace, a cheerful elegance of quiet, over all the activities of this day. Oh yes, other conventions, thank God, *do* begin nowadays with Mass; their busy practical concerns are brought at the outset under the enlightening discipline of the one necessary Sacrifice. But this is a convention with a difference; its concerns are truly, effortlessly, an extension of the Mass. How best to educate all men to the use of

that sublime tongue of praise, how to use and enjoy our rightful heritage of music from early morning to evensong—it is no wonder that an air of content prevails where such ends are being sought.

The Bishop shares the springtime peace, the "sweet strain of earth's being in the beginning." He welcomes us happily. The young stride and the august erectness of his coming recall Abbé Peyramale in the *Song of Bernadette*. His words put a special benediction on events, for they have the spirit of fun in them. It transpires that we *might* have heard a scholarly lecture on the "Early History of the Semi-Quaver," and we *might* have been favored with an original study of "The Influence of Beethoven on Mairzy Doats," except for the intransigence of State Executive Secretaries with severely coordinated programs in hand. When the Fatherhood of God is shown forth in geniality, we find it good to be present. We think it is true, then, of God: "My delight is to be with the children of men." We recover now—how infrequently, and with what deep satisfaction!—that feudal closeness to our Shepherd which other ages knew. Dimly enough we have sensed the great-hearted devotion of our Holy Father, and of our own pastor. This is another treasure rightfully ours, this leader, who jests with us, his family.

Isn't it unconventional, too, for National Presidents to talk about their hearts and their souls? Americans get embarrassed at personal revelations from the platform—unless the day has been somehow transformed into a day of frankness under God. This President worried about us, now delights in us; and proceeds to spin visions he no longer doubts: we will be drawn together in music all over the country. We will tune in to the Catholic Hour and sing, all of us together over the mountains and the plains, the same songs. We will be so taught that, separated by hundreds of miles, our Sunday Masses will be sung in exquisite likeness of tone and timing, and will draw upon the same rich repertoire out of the neglected past and the hitherto uncharted present. We will sing together in our homes, before grace and after family prayers at evening. We will live with music that uplifts while it unites, and so drown out the "music" that sweeps away responsibility and stirs selfish savagery.

All talk? Not to these conventionites. At noon,

masculine voices are heard in a beautiful *Ave Maria*; the hymn-before-dinner has had its inception, unpractised, unplanned—a new flower, in the spring of 1944. Later in the day, a well known radio artist will tell some of the minor miracles already accomplished in training the musical sense of groups of children all over the country.

But not too fast: you cannot see this convention unless you see the children, who came, of course, to demonstrate the success of some of the new teaching ideals: inter-parochial orchestras; boys' choirs, whose members will enter *scholae cantorum* and, finally, adult choirs in an uninterrupted musical development; girls' choirs, glee clubs, piano performances. Recall at least one little girl, almost lost to sight behind the orchestra, playing with fine clarity and understanding Grieg's *Butterfly*; and one little boy, *all* boy, at the cymbals, his condescension to the xylophone player (part-time worker!) and his ill-concealed satisfaction in his own full task. This is the children's day in a broad sense; all is being done in their interest. They are the Singing Body with whom Music Educators deal. Yet this is a council of their elders; the children, their part once played, melt away out of the picture like dew.

Of this council of elders, however, serious youth forms a part. Here are the girls students of this Nazareth of New York State who will soon be carrying the day's suggestions into actuality, as public-school music teachers and parish-choir directors. Because of them, Maytime is everywhere you look, indoors—Maytime is in the enthusiasms, the questions and suggestions of the sectional meetings. And youth in 1944 has a new parity with age.

Look, too, at all the Sisters—all the habits first, if you like—and have your smile at the vagaries of starched sails and convolutions, and your brief reverie at the centuries of history so strangely recorded. After your smile, look at the beauty. You must excuse me—there is a rare quality in a gathering of these idealists that has no other name. Among ordinary folk, your people and mine, there is the same banner of the ideal, a high thing doggedly sought, written in the faces; and always, here and there, the pathos of contradiction, of weariness, even of surrender. But bring together artists, musicians, and the group scintillates, individualities meet their likes; bring together musicians vowed to a Higher-than-music, to a Far-above-singing, and the edges of individualities are smoothed, and there stands out the unchanging youth of an attainable Ideal, a beauty of visible faith and hope.

The heart of the day is in a lecture on *Music in the Liturgy*, by the nationally known choirmaster who made that phrase, "the Singing Word." Music in the liturgy is not an embellishment, not a something added, to create an impression of beauty; music is the very expression of the song that is within us: "In the beginning was the Word"—a Singing Word . . . who gives back to the Father an everlasting canticle of praise. . . . When we sing in the liturgy of the Church, we are singing with the very voice of Christ Himself. . . ." The speaker reminds us of a truth that holds for all music: as

philosophers have put it, let truth and goodness prevail, and beauty will take care of itself. "Our modern age has not been occupied with truth or goodness; it has been very much preoccupied with beauty. As with hothouse plants, the result is that beauty doesn't flourish." Music is not a decoration; it is a language in which truth and goodness may be expressed.

There were some convention headaches, to be sure; real ones and figurative. Sensitive and responsible souls with the faults of the Saints worried overmuch, and must needs have aspirin. Sensitive and irresponsible souls talked too long, on platforms and off. People *would* wait for each other in wrong rooms; people would trust their coats to kindly folk whose faces and instructions they, too, promptly forgot. Nevertheless, this convention-with-a-difference came easily, even regretfully to an end. You did not quite want people to go away; you really planned to meet again. That morning loveliness of worship had spanned the day so naturally that hundreds had moved and thought in unity. No one's thoughts had gone far from God, no one had hesitated at any time to mention Him.

Did we forget the war? In the very hour of invasion, were we climbing an ivory tower? Oh no! We climbed that tower which brings all things into view, all time and all eternity. No sorrow can be lost to sight from that tower. All sorrows are gathered, lovingly and pityingly, and offered in the victorious Sacrifice of the Mass. Some sorrows can be avoided in the future, if the very practical dreams of the National Catholic Music Educators Association continue to come true. A nation united in music which leads to God will be a nation stronger and more wise.

Q. AND "GOBBLEDEGOOK"

NO less a person than the legislator with the intriguing name of Maury Maverick has of late come out with a plea for chaste English. Though it seem a shame to manacle the Muse to Mars, the Senator's point is worth considering. His main consideration was not the purity of the English language for its own sake, but rather the not inconsiderable crippling of the war effort that verbose, stilted, pompous, repetitious language entails. This type of writing he calls "gobbledegook," and it is wasting tons of paper in officialdom, hours of manpower, and slowly driving mad those for whom it ought to be a "directive."

Mr. Maverick's castigation, in the pages of the *New York Times Magazine* section for May 21, is amusing and all too true. For a more classical and instructive discourse on the same subject, we commend to our readers, and to all Government agencies, the chapter on "Jargon" in the late Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch's *On the Art of Writing*.

It is heartening to any humanist to find a getting American legislator and an English academician agreeing that good, clear, simple English is rather an important thing—in the war or out of it.

H. C. G.

BOOKS

MISSIONARIES TO THE NEGUS

THE LAND OF PRESTER JOHN. By Elaine Sanceau.
Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.75

LOST in the dim recesses of history and geography is the fabled kingdom of Prester John. The story creeps into narratives of medieval and early modern deeds, but until very recently legendary John the Priest seemed but a phantom. His very existence was questioned, and of his significance no one thought or cared.

There now comes to hand a work which draws away the curtain of doubt that for so long hid the meaning of John and his kingdom. It is a small book, and its form and style fit it for a pleasant evening at the fireside.

The story takes us back to a time before Britannia ruled the waves, before France or Holland or the galleons of Philip II dominated the Atlantic and Pacific. For it was Portugal that showed to all peoples the roads across the seas. Sons of Portugal made the maps, built the ships, discovered the portions of the globe that beckoned on the founders of our modern world. And the tale of Prester John serves to center and unify the magnificent exploits of those compatriots of Vasco da Gama who gave to all of us the New World. In passing we may not forget that Columbus learned his trade in their employ, and that the science of navigation, so vital in the making of the American nations, grew up among the school of mariners who turned the eyes of Europe away from the Mediterranean and out into the far beyond whose future was today.

Prester John, to men of the age of Aquinas, was a legendary emperor who dwelt with his people somewhere down in Ptolemy's dark continent. Rumor had it that his nation was Christian. When, then, the Portuguese began to conquer and expel the Moors, quite naturally they bethought themselves of alliance with this power that lay somewhere to the rear of the Moslem. Prince Henry, prince of navigators, who fathered so remarkable a school of seamanship at Sagres on the coast below Lisbon, dreamed of cementing this alliance. His dream took hold of his country, and from his death in 1460 until two centuries later, the effort to unite the two Christian forces continued. Portuguese mastery of the Indian Ocean and control of the adjacent lands opened the way to its realization. The defeat of Portugal in those realms, and of the Papal missions to Ethiopia—the Land of Prester John—put an end to its pursuit. The quest, however, brought forth such mysteries and heroism that it well deserves a story.

That story finds itself based on ample if vague documentation. In 1487, two notables started out as ambassadors from Dom João II to the distant Emperor. The one who lived to reach him never returned; he was detained lest he reveal Abyssinian secrets of treasure and culture. In 1513, a certain priest named Matthew went from the Negus to Lisbon to open diplomatic relations. Going back by way of India he, too, died before reporting on his mission. A Portuguese embassy tried to repay the courtesy. After twelve years of strange vicissitudes, they finally got out of the mountain empire and back to Lisbon in 1527. Jesuit missionaries were now given the task of penetrating the dark land and winning its people to union with Rome. At this point the historian asks why the gentle and capable authoress did not think of consulting missionary records; for her account, while undoubtedly full of interest, lacks much that would give it a close tie to events beyond the African highlands.

The book displays familiarity with Portuguese writings on the age of discovery. In what was meant to be an entertaining narrative, one should perhaps overlook

an opinion such as the following: "The Middle Ages formulated theories and left the matter there, but the Renaissance was seized with the desire to prove." It may be that her preoccupation with the architecture of the Land of Prester John obscured her memory of medieval buildings and the medieval science that Henry the Navigator employed. Sufficient reference is given for students to follow her lead into further research. The printing is a distinctly wartime job. The maps are symbolic rather than illustrative. The spirit of the book is what counts, and here one will find regard for all that is best in the Age of Discovery. W. EUGENE SHIELDS

BLITZ IN PARADISE

LOST ISLAND. By James Norman Hall. Little, Brown and Co. An Atlantic Monthly Press Book. \$2

CO-AUTHOR with Charles Nordhoff of *Mutiny on the Bounty* and other adventure stories of the sea, James Norman Hall has produced a succinct account of the effect of war upon a dreamy Polynesian isle in the Pacific. The story is related by a clear-headed engineer, sent by the United States Army to plan the over-night transformation of an isolated island into a base for operations against the Japanese.

George Dodd is one of the capable, resourceful Americans whom the country called upon at the time of Pearl Harbor. He sets off by plane with a group of men on similar, secret missions. Upon his arrival on the designated, languorous isle, he makes the acquaintance of the companionable Viggo and of Father Vincent. Dodd also is introduced to the Lehmanns, a Jewish, refugee professor and lovely daughter. The Lehmanns have found temporary refuge on the island, but eventually they are driven again to wander in loneliness to another place. The engineer experiences the pleasures of the Polynesian life and is relaxed by the sane peace of the outpost. He wanders in Father Vincent's garden, and even finds himself sharing Viggo's concern over the hatching of the young turtles. Subconsciously he gradually begins to question the essential value of Industry.

For the first time in my life I saw it as a cancerous organism, desolating the earth, defiling the rivers, laying waste the forests, poisoning the air with its foul breath, and all the while reaching farther and farther out to clutch and destroy even such crumbs of land as this.

He finds it indescribably difficult to break the news to the islanders that their very physical home is to be wiped out, not to speak of revealing what is to come to the Lehmanns and to Father Vincent.

A ship arrives with men and supplies to actuate the plans Dodd has blue-printed. With it comes the energetic breath of America to Polynesia. The result is disturbing and somewhat grotesque. The ability to get things done is demonstrated at once. The garden, the turtle "motu," the evidences of native homes are all erased as if by magic. Nothing is left, not even Kamaké, last follower of the ancient Polynesian religion. Even he is driven from his hermitage on the edge of the island. The Americans take over. The "boys" make themselves at home in their easy, sociable way. Soon the shy native girls are jitterbugging, and the Polynesians begin to feel the heady power of money for the first time.

It is true that most of the men share Dodd's distaste for the work of destruction. But there are a few "to whom a swamp, green with wind-rippled rushes, refuge for all kinds of aquatic life, makes little appeal. It is something to be drained, filled in, and divided into factory sites or suburban real-estate projects."

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Finally, when the base is completed, the Lehmanns hold a concert for the men who have transformed their Pacific haven into a streamlined, treeless landing-field. Father Vincent returns from attending a sick member of his flock to face the erasure of thirty years of work . . . and to take up his work again with as philosophic a resignation as is humanly possible. Dodd departs and, as he returns by plane to the United States, he muses: "Where . . . in days to come, would there be found any sanctuary for the living? As for the gods, the only one I was aware of in that ancient Polynesian homeland was the man-created, four-motored *deus ex machina* winging its way through falling night toward Honolulu."

From the epilog, the reader learns that as the war goes on, discord and violence are introduced among the natives, but he is conscious more of the inevitability of events than of their moral significance. American men, lonely and bored, seek comfort in the way most natural to them. The situation is pathetic and unavoidable. It is also, strangely enough, almost irresistibly funny.

The author's prose is precise and deftly executed; his story on the surface is most guileless, but he poses a question which troubles many and which will have to be answered by many when this war is over.

JOAN C. GRACE

UNKNOWN SOLDIER'S QUIZ

RETURN OF THE TRAVELER. By Rex Warner. J. B.

Lippincott Co. \$2

"WHY was I killed?" the fallen soldier asked himself as he looked with the eyes of his soul on his own broken body. What set the forces in action that resulted in his death? Did his death have any meaning for the world, was it God's will, would it do any good?

To get some hint of a solution to these questions he is granted a little borrowed time to make inquiries. He finds himself in a cathedral where a band of sightseers are being shown around. A priest is there praying, and the questing soldier, invisible to all others, asks the priest the question that puzzles him. The priest joins the band of visitors as they pause before the tomb of the Unknown Soldier and puts the visitant's question to them, referring it to the nameless hero.

Each of the group gives his answer and, as they speak, the dead soldier sees scenes of their lives unfold before him. He sees the forces in their lives that have molded them and brought them to speak as they do. Some have vague ideas of imperialism as justifying his death and giving it a meaning, others can find no other meaning in it than what they sum up in glib phrases about "duty," "withstanding oppression," and so on.

At last, after they have all spoken and done little more than manifest their own confusion, the priest takes up and manages to give the soldier an answer that satisfies him and lets him see the beauty that his death meant, for himself and for the world.

This bald summary will give no indication, or only a very scanty one, of the thoughtfulness that pervades this finely written book. The answer of the priest, to be sure, is not much more than an eloquent plea for world organization, and does little to develop the spiritual ideas that are latent there. But throughout, the tone is wise and tolerant and humane. There is no hysteria against the foe; they, too, are included in the soldier's quest for the meaning of wartime deaths.

The flashback technique is very well handled and enables the author to examine the attitudes of prior generations toward war and peace without getting into preachment that interrupts the story framework. There is, incidentally, a fine scene on the futility of childless marriages.

The book is quite a delicate thing. The calm atmosphere may deceive you into believing that it is a slow-paced story. But it is not—it is tense, not with outward action, but with a sense of spiritual urgency. It is thoughtful, but rewarding, reading.

HAROLD C. GARDINER

SEARCHLIGHT ON PEACE PLANS. By Edith Wynner and Georgia Lloyd. E. P. Dutton and Co. \$5

THIS compilation gives the gist of every imaginable kind of peace plan suggested since the time of Amehphis IV, who flourished in Egypt circa 1375 B.C. The 500 pages treat in order the basic issues, the theoretical plans and the practical attempts. It closes with a glossary of technical terms used, from "absolute majority" and "aggression" through "unit vote" and "universal."

In such a *tour de force*, which balked only at tossing in the 22,165 manuscripts submitted to the \$100,000 Bok Peace Award Contest in 1923, one wonders what reasons inspired the omission of the peace points proposed by Pius XII and his predecessors.

This book may be recommended as a quick reference work for names, dates and general information. Its value for a thoroughgoing study of the problems of peace is questionable. It is a searchlight, not a microscope. It may also serve as an exhibit to illustrate the perennial efforts of mankind to avoid the dangers of lambs lying down with lions.

ROBERT A. GRAHAM

THE RED COCK CROWS. By Frances Gaither. The Macmillan Co. \$2.75

The Red Cock Crows opens with a series of scenes containing the stock ingredients of the novel about ante-bellum Southern life—scenes depicting the lives of the hedonistic young men, the position of women, slave-master relationships on several planes, the poor whites, the planters, and mob action culminating in a lynching.

The narrative thread on which these scenes are strung is the skeletonized Adam-Trooper-Fannie triangle—a triangle devoid of passion, deficient in emotion of any sort, and based on lamentably inadequate characterization.

But this opening section constitutes less than one-third of the novel and has at least the merit of serving two important structural purposes. In Adam Fiske, a New Englander, it gives Miss Gaither a point-of-view character through whose eyes she tries to present Southern problems objectively. (However, she often abandons this carefully prepared point of view.) It serves, too, as a frame to provide a beginning and end for the solid, significant part of the narrative—the section dealing with the threatened Negro uprising and the methods by which it is exposed and circumvented.

It is here that one finds the strength of the novel: its sober, unimpassioned presentation of the race problem in Mississippi, a presentation in which events are described with detachment, sincerity and thoroughness. The conflicting emotions and ideals of the whites and the hopes and weaknesses of the blacks are fully and dispassionately pictured.

If, however, one looks for more than accurate reproduction of details, for more than expert photography; if the reader looks for interpretation, for illumination rather than for reflection, he looks in vain. Miss Gaither eschews the greater for the lesser mission of the novelist: she merely records.

IRENE MANN

TELL THE FOLKS BACK HOME. By Senator James M. Mead. D. Appleton-Century Co. \$3

IN this volume describing the world-girdling tour of the Senate investigation committee, Senator Mead plays the rather ambitious triple role of reporter, politician and statesman.

As a reporter, the Senator has his defects. Many sentences in his hastily written volume would not please a grammarian. His verbs, for example, are frequently without subjects. Since, however, the subject most frequently lacking is the Senatorial "I," this omission is perhaps a virtue rather than a defect. An asset rather than a liability is the Senator's inexperience in journalism, for he manifests a freshness of viewpoint which the experienced war correspondent lacks. As a result, some Senatorial descriptions have a vividness and appeal often missing from professional accounts.

The book proves that as a prudent politician the Sen-



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ator is superb. Not often can we observe in a first-hand account an American office-holder tending his political fences east from Casablanca to New Caledonia. If a New Yorker met on the journey is not mentioned in the volume, he can rest assured it was by oversight. If a New York regiment in that immense area went unvisited, certainly it was not the Senator's fault.

In his role as statesman, the Senator repeats the conclusions he and his fellow travelers presented to the Senate, notably the charge that credit for American Lend-Lease is sometimes misappropriated. He concludes with an interesting summary of the progress of the war effort to date and a truly Senatorial encomium of the American fighting man.

Among the multitude of similar books circulating today, the Senator's volume will not suffer by comparison.

FRANCIS X. CURRAN

THE FRENCH COLONIES PAST AND FUTURE. By Jacques Stern. Translated from the French by Norbert Guterman. Didier. \$3

THE future peace depends, in no small measure, upon the destiny of the British and French colonial empires. Wendell Willkie, in *One World*, criticized Churchill's refusal to "... preside over the liquidation of the British Empire" and called upon the United Nations to condemn the colonial idea at once and to free protectorates, mandates and colonies. Jacques Stern, the former French Minister of Colonies, answers Willkie and shows why future peace is dependent upon the continuation of colonial empires which he describes as "embryonic leagues of nations." It is not easy to achieve independence; and the racial, cultural, religious and historical difficulties confronting modern colonizers were disregarded by Willkie who "frees these peoples between a banquet and a speech, then takes off again in his plane."

France's wise colonial policy, achieved the hard way by experience, has had tangible results in the present loyalty of her colonies, for the Empire, with the exception of Indo-China, is intact. Five hundred thousand soldiers already are in the field. Forty-five million inhabitants are contributing generously to the war effort in the form of iron, phosphates, manganese, cork, peanuts and rubber, in addition to being self-sufficient. France's navy, in spite of its heroic sacrifices, remains powerful and undefeated. Financially, the Empire has the largest gold reserve in Europe, deposited in London, New York, Dakar and Martinique.

France's colonial policy has been successful because it is a flexible one which recognizes differences in colonies and adjusts itself accordingly. It is based on respect of the native populations. As a result, there is real equality between white and colored Frenchmen. The part played by French religious Orders and congregations in spreading the moral and intellectual influence of France throughout the world has been too little emphasized. Today 100,000 students of all races and religions attend French schools in the Near East, with Alexandria alone accounting for 27,000 pupils.

Being well organized, thoroughly documented and objectively written, Mr. Stern's book meets the needs of American students of world affairs. It will appeal to Catholic hearts, for France's Empire owes most of its spiritual and moral accomplishments to devout sons of the Church.

PIERRE COURTINES

IRENE MANN is an instructor in English at the Louisiana State University.

FRANCIS X. CURRAN, formerly teacher at Saint Francis Xavier High School, New York, is making his theological studies at Weston College.

PIERRE COURTINES is professor of Romance Languages at Queen's College.

ART

WHILE it would be unwise and hurtful to progress to overestimate the advance we have made towards a better art for church uses, it can be said that tendencies toward its improvement are appearing. In fact, there is good reason to regard the future in this field with hopefulness. Not the least of these tendencies is the increasing desire of priests to obtain specially made articles for use on the altar. On my recent trip through the Middle West, which took me to St. Paul for the inauguration of Father Vincent Flynn as president of St. Thomas College, I found myself particularly impressed by the increasing discontent of priests with the products displayed and sold in church-goods stores. The tendency now is to seek out craftsmen and to have chalices, ciboria, altar candlesticks, and even vestments, made to order by individuals who combine the designing of such things with their execution.

While this does not necessarily lead to a profound improvement in artistic quality, it does lay the groundwork that will, without doubt, lead to more vital artistic work. Improvement of this kind will result from repetition and the healthy desire, on the part of artist-craftsmen, to surpass their previous work, as well as that of others. The value of such a condition in the arts and crafts cannot be overestimated, for it unleashes latent powers of artistic invention and the artist builds both on his own past work and on that of others.

This interest in specially made articles for church use is accompanied by an increasing awareness of the special quality of art, its separate nature as well as the needs it may serve. This completely removes it from the previous and very usual condition which led ecclesiastics and priests to evidence their cultivation by collecting indifferent copies of the Italian Old Masters. The understanding that art is essentially a creative process and that, in truth, it can be nothing other than a contemporary expression, a manifestation of the indigenous time-spirit, is now rather generally accepted. While the acceptance of this basic principle is largely a mental one and still lacks adequate exemplification in the decorative arts and architecture, its intellectual acceptance can be regarded as prophetic of the future direction both art and architecture will take in our churches. There is every evidence that we are witnessing the twilight of devotion to a too-literal traditionalism.

Few will now deny that such a literal traditionalism has been tantamount to a denial of the living element embodied in tradition, one that takes on fresh contemporary esthetic form to meet the new conditions which life confronts. What seems not so well understood, however, is that a contemporary art for the Church can have validity only when it becomes an integral element, as well as an expression, of Catholic culture. Art does not exist in a void; it is the result of the artist's natural and reasonable desire to express his personal feeling for Catholic truth, and for his own time.

Unfortunately, much as this fact is coming to be appreciated, there is still a mistaken tendency to confuse the desired end—a contemporary Catholic-inspired art—with that commercially inspired modernism that now exists in quantity but, less happily, without much quality. Nothing could be more disastrous to the right direction for a Catholic-derived art than that it should be confused with this spurious artistic modernism. Modernism itself is not an artistic end. To regard it as being that will be as fatal to the creative process as immersing oneself in literal traditionalism. As Catholics, our artistic direction must be our own, as well as of our time, no matter how much we assimilate from the great contributions of those few modern, secular-inspired artists and architects who are the great innovators of this age.

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DREAM WITH MUSIC. Let it be said at once that few New York seasons have given us a revue to exceed in pictorial splendor the new offering at the Majestic Theatre. Each of the two acts of *Dream with Music* contains seven scenes, and the great majority of those seven scenes are so ravishing to the eye that many lovers of beauty could find in them alone enough pleasure to make an evening at the Majestic memorable.

Richard Kollmar, the producer, has given us even more than this. There are ravishing sets by Stewart Chaney, superb costumes by Miles White, a large and pretty chorus, perfect choreography by George Balachine, a fine ballet corps, and the dancing of Vera Zorina, the star of the production.

Mr. Kollmar, however, has apparently forgotten that in addition to superb sets, gorgeous costumes and a star, a musical fantasy should offer its audiences good music and a good book.

The disappointing truth is that these requisites are lacking in most of *Dream with Music*. The excellent cast Mr. Kollmar has assembled has few good lines to speak and little good music to sing. Even Miss Zorina's dances are not, with a few exceptions, those she should have had. She does her best with them, however, and we all know how good her best is. The members of the cast, clever people all, do their utmost to give life to dull lines.

The result is something of a tragedy. Where there is so much that is entrancing, it is hard for audiences to forgive the fact that the most important essentials of the musical comedy are weak. What Mr. Kollmar should do is to call in an able and experienced craftsman to revise and strengthen his book. He should also select an able specialist to write a number of really good songs for the production. The program airily states that the music is "based on" themes by Rimsky-Korsakoff, Schubert, Beethoven, Wagner, and a dozen others. If it was, it has strayed far from its base. There are two or three good songs at the most in the score as it stands. With a really good book and an edited score, *Dream with Music* could be made into one of the biggest successes of the season.

The story would be all right if properly told. A tired scenario writer (Miss Zorina) in a moving-picture studio falls into an exhausted slumber and has a dream. She is Scheherazade, married to the King of the Indies. The Arabian Nights tale that follows could make an excellent book if properly handled. As it is, there is little but weight in the lines. They contain no wit, no subtlety, no variety of treatment, no conviction; but they contain numerous stupid vulgarities.

There are scenes which rise above the monotony of the book. There is an entrancing ballet in the clouds and there is a fascinating party of Aladdin's animals and birds. There is an enchanting scene, "Mouse Meets Girl," between Scheherazade and the mouse that is her guardian in Aladdin's game preserve. But these successes are due to principals whose acting is much better than their lines.

Miss Zorina rises gallantly above the demands of a trying role. Buddy Douglas is an inspired mouse who also tops his text. Joy Hodges, the secretary who accompanies Miss Zorina throughout her dream, is as good as her lines permit, and Robert Graham makes Aladdin plausible. Leonard Elliott as Sinbad the Sailor also develops the best of his material, and brings out what flickers of humor there are in the text.

Though I am averse to the incessant yelp for "changes" in new productions, I agree that changes should be made in *Dream with Music*. It is too good to lose and not yet good enough to stay with us a year or two, as it should.

ELIZABETH JORDAN

FILMS

DOUBLE INDEMNITY. This newest celluloid attempt to explode the theory that there is such a thing as a perfect crime is certainly not for the sensitive, even though it is gripping, suspenseful melodrama. Watching the disintegration of a human being is not a pretty pastime. However, for those adults who can stand seeing a swaggering, alert, likable man lose his honor, shred by shred, until he is revealed as a cringing, cowardly criminal, this is meaty screenfare. The somber, villainous mood of the grim tale is set when the picture opens with Fred MacMurray, fatally wounded, recording the details of his crime on a dictaphone. By means of flashbacks, this unsavory record unfolds how the prize salesman of a large insurance firm develops an attachment for a married woman (Barbara Stanwyck), is snared into her schemes for murdering her husband, almost succeeds in executing the perfect crime, and tries to help her collect a double indemnity on the dead man's insurance policy. Of course, like all dark deeds that rear their ugly heads, these are no exception and, though the law finds no loophole in the ghastly crime, a shrewd, over-zealous claim adjuster (Edward G. Robinson) senses foul play and unconsciously traps the criminals. This unsympathetic characterization is completely new for Mr. McMurray, but never to my way of thinking has he appeared to better advantage. As the scheming, brutal wife, Miss Stanwyck is thoroughly realistic, since no softness or sense of decency ever breaks through. Mr. Robinson's interpretation of the crafty agent is delightful. In his direction Billy Wilder has kept the pace swift and suspense constantly bubbling. Though some cinemagoers may find this too sordid for their taste, *mature* audiences will testify that it does paint a forceful picture of the horrors of wrongdoing. (*Paramount*)

ROGER TOUHY, GANGSTER. Fact, not fiction, furnished the material for this week's second preachment on the wages of sin. The Touhy gang and their lawless outbreaks are recent enough front-page news to be recalled by many grown-ups. This is a gangster picture that does not glorify the lawbreakers in any way. Instead, it honestly shows that Touhy and his pals wound up behind the prison walls they headed for way back when they committed their first crimes. Preston Foster is cast as the sullen, cock-sure leader of a western gang who decide to expand their illegal enterprises when the repeal of prohibition curtails their income. A kidnapping provides a quick method for making lots of money, but later the victim—who knew his captors—reluctantly aids the police in tracing them, and the leader and his gang go to prison. A jailbreak follows, with the criminals once more at odds with the law. In a hair-raising finale, the police net closes in to trap every last one of the cowardly villains. Though this is a tale packed with melodrama, the film rarely works up to the climaxes it seems slated for. Much of the time, it seems just a detached case history of a criminal. *Adults* will find it moderately diverting. (*Twentieth Century-Fox*)

THREE MEN IN WHITE. The usual pot-pourri of seriousness and laughs involving Dr. Gillespie and his aides is served up here. Though the incidents are built around the elderly physician's attempts to choose one of his two favorite internes as a permanent assistant, no hearts are broken in the end for, as always, the gruff old fellow has something up his sleeve. Lionel Barrymore, Van Johnson and Keye Luke handle their familiar roles, with the distaff side represented by Marilyn Maxwell and Ava Gardner. Those members of the family who count this series among their favorites will find the newest episode rather colorless and slow. (*MGM*)

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PARADE

BACK in 1934, three friends entered into an agreement whereby each one pledged that if he died before the others he would make every effort to communicate with those still living on earth. The three men were: Clarence Darrow, celebrated criminal lawyer; Howard Thurston, famous magician; and Claude P. Noble, a spiritualist. . . . Thurston was the first to go. He died in 1936. . . . Darrow followed in 1938. . . . Noble is still living.

This year, on the sixth anniversary of the death of Clarence Darrow, Noble stood in a Chicago park near the spot where Darrow's ashes had been scattered. . . . For the sixth time in six years, Noble called out: "Clarence Darrow, I am here in fulfilment of our pact and if you can manifest yourself, please do it now." . . . No sign came from the Great Beyond. . . . Clarence Darrow did not appear. He did not manifest himself in any way.

On April 13 last, in Greenlawn Abbey Cemetery, Columbus, O., Noble knelt for the eighth time in eight years before the tomb of Howard Thurston. . . . Noble raised aloft a picture of Thurston and cried out: "Howard Thurston, if you can manifest yourself to me, do it now." . . . Howard Thurston did not appear or manifest himself in any way. . . . Noble turned and said: "Gentlemen, Mr. Thurston has failed to appear again."

Harry Houdini informed his wife: "If I die before you, I will try to appear to you or communicate with you. Watch for the manifestation on each anniversary of my death up to and including the tenth. If I have not communicated with you by the tenth anniversary, you will know that I have found it impossible to do so." . . . On the tenth anniversary of Houdini's demise, his widow, with friends, gathered on the roof of a Los Angeles hotel. . . . They had had nine previous gatherings of a similar nature without any result. . . . This was to be their last attempt. . . . They waited and waited, but Harry Houdini did not manifest himself in any way.

What a tragic thing for the human race it would be if the history of Christ read like the histories narrated above. . . . If Christ had said to His Apostles: "Peter, John, all of you, hear Me. After My death, if I can appear to you or communicate with you, I will do so. Watch for the manifestation on each anniversary of My death up to and including the tenth. If I have not communicated with you by the tenth anniversary you will know that I have found it impossible to do so." . . . If Peter and the others had stood before the Holy Sepulchre on the tenth anniversary, after nine previous failures. . . . If Peter had then cried out: "O Lord, Jesus Christ, we are here in fulfilment of our pact. If you can manifest yourself, please do it now." . . . If there had been no sign from the Great Beyond. . . . If Peter had turned to the others and declared: "Friends, once more Jesus Christ has failed to appear."

Peter never had to say that. . . . Christ did not declare: "If I can, I will rise on the third day." . . . He said He would rise on the third day. . . . And He did. . . . He associated with His followers for forty days. . . . Not in the dark room of a spiritualistic medium. . . . But in the broad light of day. . . . Hundreds of people saw Him and talked with Him after His Resurrection from the dead. . . . Hundreds saw Him ascend into the clouds. . . . No matter how miserable life on earth becomes, we now have something that makes it bearable; something that drives off despair. . . . Christ's glorious Resurrection furnishes us with a vivid preview of our own resurrection from the dead.

JOHN A. TOOMEY

CORRESPONDENCE

FAMILY RETREATS

EDITOR: The article in *AMERICA* (May 6), by Frederic Frans, entitled *Sanctify the Family by the Family Retreat*, is in my opinion a timely and important movement regarding married life, and helpful to happy relations between husband and wife. One has been saddened and puzzled by the "little rift within the lute" in so many Catholic marriages—with no remedy in sight—but this beautiful, original and spiritual movement will go far in remedying many unhappy marriages.

New York, N. Y.

ALICE E. WARREN

SOMEWHAT HUMBLE PIE

EDITOR: May I make public apology to M. B. D. who wrote you in protest (*AMERICA*, May 20) and who quite right-mindedly asserts that the saying of the Stations is a very good and a very holy thing? I apologize, however, only for ambiguity and not for "scoffing at people who practise any devotion, public or private," since this is not what I said. In a long and qualifying paragraph I described symptoms of religiosity and lack of zeal; I thought that this was clear, and I deeply regret that it was not. Nor can I answer the question which begins "How can he say. . ." because I can't say it and didn't say it and wouldn't say it, so I can't very well tell M. B. D. how I could say it.

I did not say that everyone who makes the Stations is a "Station-ducker," but I must reaffirm that there are Station-duckers who bob up and down the aisle with irreverent haste and cannot possibly meditate on the Passion of Our Lord—who act as though the Stations really do not matter. Because I love the Stations I regret this, and the regret is, I am sure, shared with me by M. B. D.

Ottumwa, Iowa

JOHN LOUIS BONN

SANITY TOWARD RUSSIA

EDITOR: I consider myself most fortunate, and greatly indebted, in being a subscriber to a Catholic publication that publishes such articles as: *Russia and Latin America: A Postwar Good Neighbor?* by Richard Pattee (May 13). It "should stimulate believers in Christian democracy to a constructive program of action."

The article, to me, is a comprehensive, realistic and sane one, and should move the intellects of us Catholics. For much too long has the approach of too many of us been of a destructive nature in matters that involve the Soviet Union.

We cannot give too much reflection and consideration to the following words expressed in the concluding paragraph of the article:

We have become so accustomed to a passive attitude of deploring error that we do singularly little to present aggressively the substance of the social teaching which the Church offers as a means of bringing peace and decency to the world. We might take a leaf from the Soviet book in this regard. Catholic forces have something on which to work in Latin America. . . .

And, may I add, throughout the world.

AMERICA is to be commended for the good that, I believe, it is accomplishing in promoting sane and positive thinking amongst Catholics. May it ever continue.

Brooklyn, New York

JAMES P. McMAHON

G.I. RATION FOR THOUGHT

EDITOR: What shall I write about *Tommy McCarthy: G.I.* in *AMERICA* for May 13? Here indeed is a splendid piece of writing, not written for today or tomorrow, but for all time. What deep thoughts, what food for thought for those Catholics who live through this war from day to day and month to month with minds unaware of the real issues, who think that merely by buying war bonds and still more war bonds, real victory will be achieved.

In *Tommy McCarthy: G.I.* we have the soundings of the depths of life; what that life means to the flower of our Catholic manhood who so gallantly go forth to sacrifice their all; to give "that full measure of devotion." Let us take heed of their warnings or else our weeping and wailing and bitter shedding of tears will leave us inconsolable.

I salute Joseph Dever as a noble son of that fine Irish-American race we can be proud of. *Deo gratias!* for the words he wrote.

Chicago, Ill.

CARL A. JOSSECK

BROTHERS UNDER THE RAGS

EDITOR: Proponents of international understanding may view with favor the worldwide dispersion of American soldiers as a step toward better understanding between Americans and the rest of the world. That it could be such under certain conditions, I readily admit; but that it is actually so in one part of the world—namely, Egypt—I must deny.

Here in Egypt the average American, the soldier, is having first-hand experience of a people new to him; and he is as far from understanding the people as he is from understanding relativity. The soldier in Egypt has met a backward people whose standard of living, whose habits of cleanliness and whose lack of ambition disgust him. He has seen men, women and children covered with filth and flies constantly, so it seems, begging, cheating and thieving; and has turned from them, convinced of their inherent inferiority (strong words in these days of Racism) and determined to have nothing to do with them now or hereafter.

Instead of constituting an understanding of them, his acquaintance with and superficial knowledge of these people result in a misunderstanding of them. Their social, economic and political backwardness—that is, according to our standards—he ascribes to some natural inferiority on their part.

The simple explanation that their condition could be attributable to a combination of factors, such as history, foreign rule, Moslem fatalism, topography, etc.—factors which can be overcome, modified or eliminated—does not occur to him, or does not occur with sufficient force to prevent the following conclusion. That conclusion, simply stated, is that these people have never known anything better, want nothing better and are better left in their filth and poverty.

Thus it must be noted that once again the oneness of the human race is obscured to the eyes of some people because of the dirt and rags covering the bodies of others.

The understanding of which we stand so much in need will never materialize until the average person possesses the eye (to quote Father George O'Neill in *AMERICA*, March 18) "that sees through rags and tatters to inner souls of goodness and greatness."

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THE WORD

MOST of us probably seldom consider either how great a part the Holy Trinity plays in our living, or even how constantly we are invoking the Holy Trinity in all our praying.

In the Gospel of Trinity Sunday, Christ bids His Apostles: "Go, therefore, and make disciples of all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit" (Matt. 28: 18-20).

Because the Apostles literally obeyed that order, all of us begin our Christian life "in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost." Under the waters of Baptism, we become adopted sons of God, the Father, co-heirs and brothers of Christ, the Son of God, living temples of the Holy Spirit.

In the confessional our sins are forgiven, and we are restored to the friendship of God "in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost."

In the Sacrament of Confirmation, we are "signed with the sign of the Cross," and confirmed "with the chrism of salvation in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost."

Man and maid are united in Holy Matrimony "in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost."

In the hour of death the priest bids us "Go forth out of this sinful world in the name of God, the Father Almighty, who created thee, in the name of Jesus Christ, the Son of the Living God Who suffered and died for thee, in the name of the Holy Ghost who sanctified thee."

Usually the first prayer we learn and the one we repeat most often, the beginning and ending of all our praying, is the Sign of the Cross. We begin our morning prayers and conclude them, we begin and end all our meals, we start and close every visit to the Blessed Sacrament, we close every day "in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost."

Every blessing given by Pope or Bishop or priest is a blessing given "in the name of the Father and of the Son and of Holy Ghost." When parents bless their children (and they may and should frequently) it is with the sign of the Cross and "in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost."

The greatest of all prayers we begin with the priest at the foot of the altar "in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost." When the gifts of bread and wine and our own gifts are laid on the altar, we offer them to the Holy Trinity: "Accept, O Holy Trinity, this offering which we make to Thee in memory of the Passion, Resurrection and Ascension of our Lord, Jesus Christ." When the bread and wine have become the Body and Blood of Christ, and we have united all men and all created things with us in this Great Sacrifice, it is to the Holy Trinity we offer the Sacrifice in that beautiful climactic gesture of the Mass. "Through Him," says the priest while he makes the sign of the Cross with the Host over the Chalice, "and with Him and in Him is to Thee, God the Father Almighty, in the unity of the Holy Spirit"—and here the priest lifts Chalice and Host heavenward in a gesture of offering—"all honor and glory forever and ever. Amen."

Almost without realizing it, we live our whole life "in the name of God," in the presence of the Holy Trinity, in the power and love and protection of God, the Father, in the union and brotherhood and obedience of Christ, the Son of God, under the inspiration and guidance of God, the Holy Spirit. Almost unconsciously we breathe, pray, work and play in the name of the Holy Trinity.

Trinity Sunday is an opportunity to renew consciously and explicitly, to deepen and make more vivid the devotion we daily pay to the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost.

J. P. D.

ANNIVERSARY REQUEST TO ALL REGULAR READERS

North Carolina is our favorite State (this is the promotion department speaking). The State has virtues enough to make anybody love it. But this promotion desk has a special reason for respect and affection.

June is here — the month in which this Review celebrates an anniversary. Now that AMERICA is 35 years old, we've been asking some questions—What about our circulation? How is it distributed? This desk has been poring over figures and has discovered some rather astonishing facts. North Carolina has more regular AMERICA subscribers (proportionately) than any other State in the Union. We don't mean that it takes the largest number of copies. We said *proportionately*, by which we mean that in comparing the number of readers to the number of Catholics in the State, we get a glorious rate that puts the Tar Heelers highest on our list and deepest in our heart.

The high rate puzzles us somewhat. But maybe it's the spirit of Andrew Johnson, fierce defender of the Constitution, that still broods over the State, from the Blue Ridge to the Sound, and causes the Carolinians to feel such a practical liking for this Review.

Our second best State (again proportionately) is the other Carolina, the land of the palmettos, the Pinckneys, and political independence.

And again we ascribe this to the spirit of a great man. Such devotion to AMERICA must be a legacy from old John England, first Bishop of Charleston, and one of the staunchest lovers of country who ever strode down Church St. or gazed from Battery Drive.

East and West

There seems to be a definite relation between a tradition of patriotism and our State rate; and so we are not astonished to find the Old Dominion next highest on our list. Catholic Virginians, from Lee County to Anne County, rank third among subscribers.

To get our fourth best State, however, we must swing across the country, out to where the Chinook melts the mountain snows and the rhododendrons grow — in post-office terms, to Washington State.

Our friends there can explain this fact easily; so we go on to point out a parallel in another set of circulation figures. Three Atlantic States, in the

following order, New York, Massachusetts, and Pennsylvania, buy the largest number of copies of AMERICA; but fourth place is held by a State across the continent — California.

A further breakdown in our subscriber lists shows the immense popularity of this Review in the mid-west cities. New York and Philadelphia are our best selling towns, but third, fourth, and fifth places are held by Detroit, Chicago, and St. Louis. We offer these figures from the promotion desk as another reminder to our regular subscribers to join in our birthday celebration by helping increase subscriptions and thus helping to build up our influence for good.

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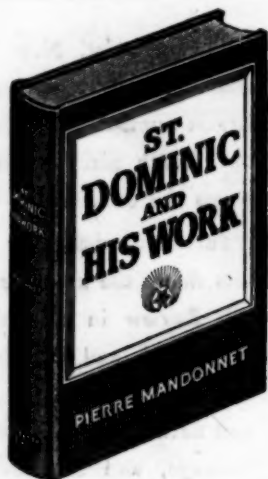
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